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Section 3

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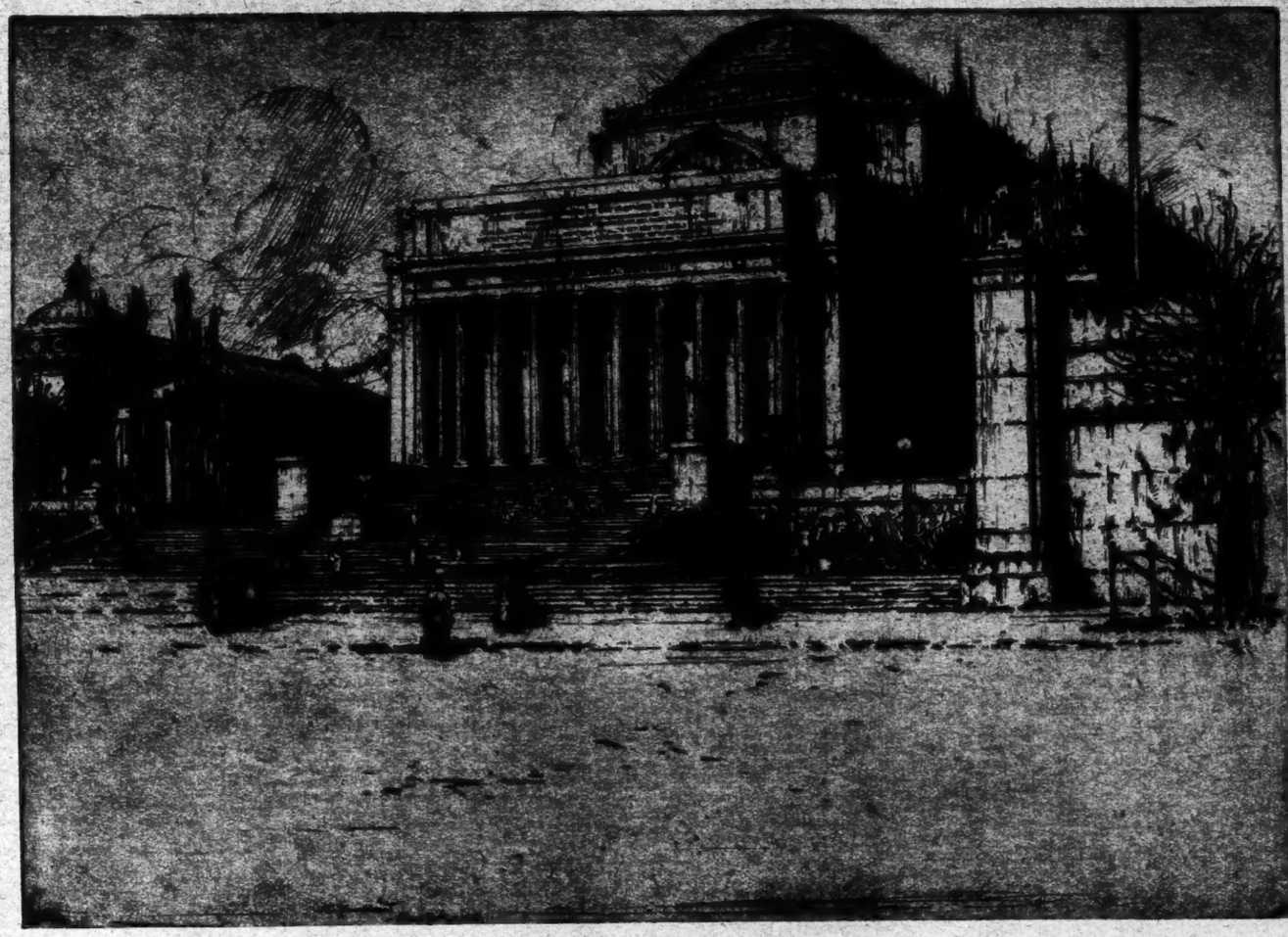
DEMOCRACY IN THE COLLEGES

American University Government Is Subject to Increasing Criticism



The Library of Columbia University.

From an Etching by J. C. Vondrous. (Courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow & Co.)

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND ITS RULERS. By J. M. Kirkpatrick. 308 pp. New York: The New Republic, Inc. $1.

By EVANS CLARK

FOR some time the American college has been a favorite target for the critic. Fifteen years ago President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton was leading the attack upon educational methods. He was incensed that the curriculum had failed to capture the attention of the student. "The side shows are more important than the circus," was the vivid phrase he used. Since then the critical trend has been increasingly directed at the dominance of athletics on the academic scene. Football has been described as a "sacrifice of youths to make a Roman holiday," and only a few months ago a group of responsible college administrators seriously suggested the drastic limitation of intercollegiate sport.

But several widely reported free-speech cases have also given the critics another objective for their attack; the government itself. The Nearing case at the University of Pennsylvania, the Cattell incident at Columbia, the Levine case at Montana, the forced resignation of President Meiklejohn of Amherst focused attention on the college governing boards and the constitutional rights of Faculty and students. Professor Cattell's book "University Control" was the first substantial attack, followed some years later by Thorstein Veblen's "Higher Education," which vigorously assailed the entire system of college government in this country. Dr. Kirkpatrick's book restates the critics' case along the same but somewhat amplified lines. Their argument runs, in substance, as follows:

Of all the anomalies in American life no greater can be found than the government of its colleges. Even to speak of college "government" instead of college "administration" or "management" seems a bit out of place in this country. Yet the college has a political problem just as much as the city or the State. Considered from the point of view of the political scientist, and judged by the democratic standards to which this country is committed by sentiment and tradition, the American college is a political atavism.

The college community is composed primarily of Faculty and students. But in the United States today the college is usually not a self-governing community—nor has it even home rule. It is governed by an absentee board of regents or trustees who are not legally responsible to Faculty or students. Often, in the case of private institutions, the board is a self-perpetuating body of men who not only embody the sovereignty themselves but have the right to choose the heirs to it. Even in public institutions, where the State officials choose the board, the college community has no voice in their selection. The American professor is an employe of the board and the student is its ward. In law, and usually in fact, the board can hire or fire a professor with as little ceremony as a charwoman and can discipline the student with the freedom of a parental guardian. In terms of political theory, the American college is an absolute, even if a paternal and benevolent, autocracy.

It is organized much as is the American factory. The Board of Trustees corresponds to the Board of Directors—except that they have no responsibility to any stockholders, and the college President has very much the same status as the corporation chief executive. But usually there is more democracy in the factory. If the employes have not formed their own union to bargain collectively with their employers, the corporation itself has usually set up some sort of representative system whereby the workers get at least the formality of a voice in the control of their working conditions. While an Association of University Professors does exist, it has not assumed the rôle of a union in dealing with the management of the industry of higher education.

This analysis of current criticism is, of course, a mere matter of theory. It does not prove for a moment that American college government is a failure, materially or politically, nor does it indicate that revolution is impending in the academic state. It merely places the existing college institution in the perspective of American democratic principles. The American people are an essentially practical race. Principles, like any other expedients, are useful to them in the attainment of some concrete purpose; otherwise a trifle academic. It is not to be expected, therefore, that these principles will actually be applied to the American college if the present system works. But Dr. Kirkpatrick's book is evidence of a dissatisfaction with that system's performance and of the theories used in demanding a change.

If Dr. Veblen's book suffered from an overponderous idiom, Dr. Kirkpatrick's weakness lies in the opposite direction. His method is more that of the too-popular journalist than of the political scientist. He does not advance upon his conclusions step by step over a wide terrain of fact. He paints a series of vivid sketches, hangs them in a row and passes comment upon them. His emotions also are too deeply stirred for him to be studiously objective.

In a chapter headed "From Campus to Skyscraper" Dr. Kirkpatrick carries the attack on American college government a step further than a merely theoretical analysis of its (*Continued on Page 16*)

Carl Van Vechten's Novel Of Harlem Negro Life

"Nigger Heaven" Is a Study of the Plight of the Colored Intellectual

NIGGER HEAVEN. By Carl Van Vechten. 298 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

By EDWIN CLARK

CARL VAN VECHTEN has often been considered clever, trivial, precious, in the past, but seldom has he failed to entertain.

His interest has never been in the commonplace. His essays as a critic have been luminous, delicate comments on elusive and odd themes and subjects. His urbane style has pricked illusions and reputations with quiet gayety. Likewise, in the main, his four novels have been extravaganzas—perhaps modern versions of the Utopia of gallantry—dealing with odd characters and frequently startling situations. It must be confessed that Mr. Van Vechten has never apparently had the modern serious attitude for literature, though he is much occupied with nuance, charm, and humors. So naturally enough, in this light, his new novel, "Nigger Heaven," while a pioneering effort in its study of the negroes in their Harlem district, is hardly a startling variation.

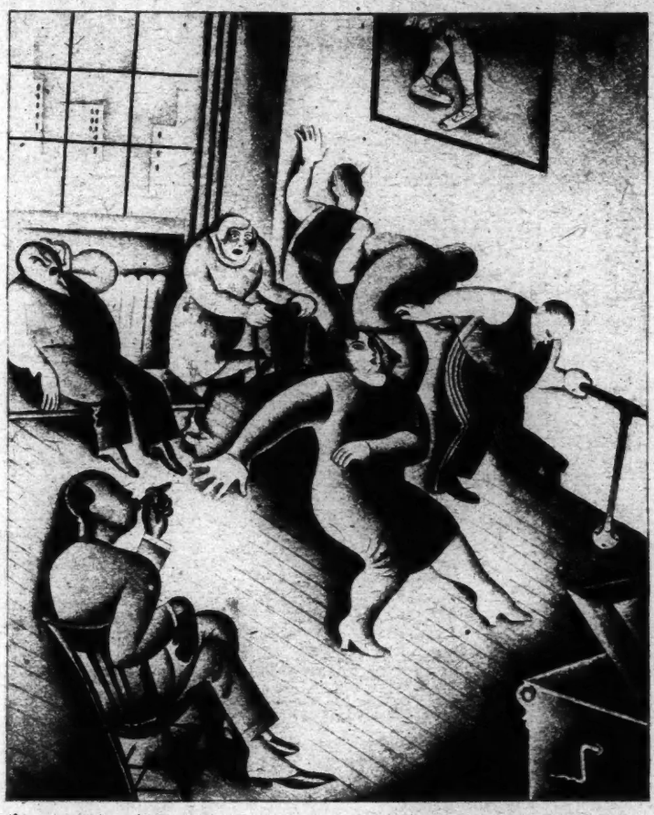
To the old theatrical term for the top gallery he has brought a new significance, for his title, "Nigger Heaven," stands for the haven that the Harlem district has provided for the new negro. Here, within the City of New York, the negro has a miniature city of his own-making—"a City of Refuge." Here there is a society of various strata that is variegated, racy, stolid and very much like the composition of other social orders elsewhere. In the course of his novel, Van Vechten runs the gamut from low life to high life. Here the questions, the social problems of race and color, are living incidents, subjected to the quirks of humanity rather than logic.

The hero of "Nigger Heaven," Byron Kasson, a college graduate, is one of the group of young intellectuals. A contribution to one of the new magazines brings a summons from the editor to call. In the course of their conversation the range and aspiration of this novel is suggested. Speaking of Harlem, the editor argues that:

> The whole place, contrary to the general impression, is overrun with fresh, unused material. Nobody has yet written a good gambling story; nobody has touched the outskirts of cabaret life; nobody has gone into the curious subject of the divers tribes of the region. Why, there are West Indians and Abyssinian Jews, religious negroes, pagan negroes, and negro intellectuals, all living together more or less amicably in the same community, each group with its own opinions and atmosphere and manner of living; each individual with his own opinions and atmosphere and manner of living. But I find that negroes don't write about these matters; they continue to employ all the old clichés and formulas that have been worked to death by Nordic blonde who, after all, never did know anything about the subject from the inside. Well, if you young negro intellectuals don't get busy, a new crop of Nordics is going to spring up who will take the trouble to become better informed and will exploit this material before the negro gets around to it.

Byron, in Harlem, fresh from college, faced or refused to face a difficult situation. He wanted to be a writer; yet he found he had little to say. He was under the delusion that he had been educated at college and was now ready to conquer. He hadn't any money except what his father gave him. He was extremely sensitive—his shyness was such that he lost poise in society—and his touchiness brought down upon his head many imaginary slights that hurt him. At heart he was a snob and felt superior. Still, he was race-conscious and proud; his racial pride, however, was so lacking in humility that he found it difficult to see his brother in the more primitive negro. Between his imaginary obstacles and the actual, life was difficult. His pride was such that it kept him from going to those older who would have directed him. His color made it difficult for him, on his own, to find any employment but manual labor. Brooding over his troubles pulled his nerves taut and made him more susceptible to weaknesses and impulsiveness. The inferiority complex had a perfect feeding ground in Byron. On top of that he fell in love.

Mary Love was the daughter of a middle class, educated negro. She was a librarian. She perceived the life about her through her intellect rather than her emotions. With Olive Hamilton—a girl so light that she passed for white below the line—below, that is, 125th Street—Mary had a small apartment. Here, among their friends, young college men, writers, singers, and abroad in the houses of the wealthy, the negro question is an issue of many faced discussion. To Mary and Olive the question of passing as white—though light of complexion—was beyond their serious consideration. Olive had Howard. Mary had never been awakened. Her life of books, concerts, theatre-going, friendly acquaintances with the new writers, was in it itself sufficient. She was a retiring, soft spoken, golden brown girl, into whose life Byron brought change.



A Charleston Lesson in the Great Metropolis.

From a Drawing by Covarrubias Which Appeared Originally in Vanity Fair.

As is usual in a Van Vechten novel, there is a divided interest. In his prologue he introduces his background and a few characters that are woven in and out of the subsequent narrative. He also introduces Mary and Byron to each other at a week-end house party of the smart set on Long Island. Book I gives the emphasis of the story to Mary. Book II is Byron's story. This technique is a variant of the old wheel method. Mr. Van Vechten continues to put his foot through all the rules of narrative, and by his sheer skill in handling situations and style of writing, carries off his effects with entertaining and satisfactory results. He has also effected through the medium of interpolated verses and songs an element of refrain that serves in the manner of a Greek chorus.

The love of Mary that Byron awakens is a fresh and lovely thing that turns with the passage of time from ecstasy and pain to utter torture. It is a modern story of frustration. It is a story of love that has been wrecked by pride and temperament that lost its self-respect when immediate material success didn't follow the flowering of affection. Temperamentally the lovers are estranged by relentless economics, made desperate, while pitiably longing for each other. Mary wants to be helpful; she is maternally eager. To Byron her suggestions, her criticisms are condescending. Incidentally, she is a good literary judge, but her offered suggestions are only irritants to the overwrought Byron. They quarrel, make up, and quarrel again. With good intentions, with high strung nerves, they torture each other as only lovers can.

The story of Byron is that of disintegrating character. He loses his own self-respect. He is inarticulate. He demands too much of himself. He is so sensitive and proud that his ambition muddles his groping thought and makes him too suspicious. Absurdly and humanly he wants to begin at the top, instead of working up from the bottom. This stubborn procedure defeats his own ends—makes it impossible for others to assist him, and in the end leads him to re-enact the old story of the moth and the flame.

Turning to the night life of the Harlem cabarets for escape, Byron becomes the prey of a rich, predatory widow. The fascinating Lasca Sartoris, ingratiating and corrupt to the limits of civilized decadence, takes Byron for her momentary plaything. Taking him away from Mary gratifies her sense of power and her purpose in life of getting everything she desires. In the gaudy background which she offers, Byron is but a child trusting in the kindness, the reliance of a beautiful, diabolical Cytherea. In the inevitable crescendo of disillusion, bitterness, psychologic and melodramatic travail, the story comes to a vivid and dramatic close under gaudy and jazz circumstances.

Striking characterizations deftly drawn abound in this novel. The Scarlet Creeper, Anatole Longfellow, the bullying and picturesque procurer, is a lively character who is indirectly entangled with the fate of Byron. There is the worldly ex-diva of the music halls, sympathetic and kindly to Mary, who tries to marry her off to the self-made, crude, good hearted Mr. Pettijohn, the Bolito King. Then there are the Sumners, wealthy and respectable, who entertain Gareth Johns, the novelist, also Campasse Lorillard and Edith Dale from earlier Van Vechten novels. For contrast we have Hester Albright, middle-aged spinster, and her mother, who find the society of Harlem much inferior to that of Washington. They do not approve of the new negro and the literature of the new negro. They feel that the primitive art of the African is best forgot. A smug, conservative respectability is their ideal. Life in Harlem, strangely enough, is revealed in universal terms, with its younger generation and the frills thrown in.

Mr. Van Vechten has written a novel of absorbing interest. Its psychology is quite remote from the obvious, its candor is searching. He has observed the scene in the whole and shrewdly set down with more than good reporting what he has seen. And the novel has other interest than the stimulant of a new subject. Doubtless flaws may be found in his conception, but in the main his contentions are basically sound. It is in understanding and insight into varied personalities that he has performed with such capital skill. The effect of class psychology, the color taboo and its reaction are all adroitly placed and considered in his human motivation. His style in general is simpler, limpid and light; its attractive capacity for the picturesque and exotic is given play, but limited to the occasional need.

Clarke Hall Is England's Judge Lindsey

CHILDREN'S COURTS. By W. Clarke Hall. London: George Allen & Unwin. 7/6 net.

By AMY STRACHEY

MR. CLARKE HALL would be known in America as "Judge Clarke Hall," for he is the Magistrate in charge of the Old Street Adult Police Court and of the Shoreditch Children's Court—both situated in one of the poorest and most densely populated parts of London. In the Old Street Court, Mr. Clarke Hall sits alone. In the Children's Court he is reinforced by two Justices of the Peace, one of whom must be a woman. The author pays an appropriate tribute to America for having originated the practice of having separate courts for the trial of children's cases, and thoroughly approves of your practice of trying cases of domestic relations in the Children's Court. This, unfortunately, is contrary to our methods.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book relates to the primary causes of children's delinquency, which Mr. Clarke Hall roughly divides into external and inherent. In connection with this, Mr. Clarke Hall points out that while "boys often commit offenses out of sheer exuberance of spirits, girls almost invariably because they are neglected, lonely and miserable." But while dwelling on the necessity for social investigation of the child's home conditions the moment the case is reported, the author does not suggest any mechanism by which this may be carried out in rural areas in England. A question on which some information as to American proceedure would be interesting is that of the help which might be given in the case of unmanageable children who are not delinquents in the Children's Court. A section of the English Children's act provides that any person may bring a child before the Court for wandering or being beyond control. This section, however, is not made use of as it might be, as in practice the police insist that the child shall be charged first at the police station. The author tells us, "Many a mother who is deeply concerned about a boy or girl who is 'beyond control' would gladly bring the child to the Court for assistance and advice, but hesitates to make 'a police case' of it." It should be pointed out that a girl who has been living in immoral surroundings through no fault of her own is charged at the local police station as if she were a criminal. Mr. Clarke Hall suggests that this section of the act would be infinitely more useful if the child could be brought to a remand home, or to the local education office and the police communicated with from there. Thus the procedure in carrying out this part of the Children's act is accountable for parents of ungovernable children not getting the help and advice which a kindly Police Magistrate would put at their disposal because the child cannot be charged except in the same way as if he had committed an offense. It was obvious to me, even during my brief visit to American courts, that parents do bring children to your courts as unmanageable and it would be interesting to know where and how these children are charged.

Mr. Clarke Hall points out very strongly the love of justice with which the child's mind is almost always imbued.

> It is frequently very helpful to talk to a child who has admitted the charge * * * and he will often volunteer the suggestion that if he could go to a different elementary school and get away from the boys he has been mixed up with he might do better * * * It is seldom that he is over-confident about his powers of resistance and rarely goes further than "If you give me this chance I will try." Sometimes he is very pessimistic. "It ain't no manner of use, sir, I shan't never do no good where I am. I guess I've got to be put away."

Space must be found for the account of the author's exceedingly kindly preceeding in keeping in touch with the children from his own court by sending them cards on their birthdays and a circular letter at Christmas. The feelings of any child lover will be almost too poignant when he reads Mr. Clarke Hall's account of visiting a school near London and talking to a boy of 11 whom he had sent there. The child "suddenly pulled up his jersey and produced a very tattered piece of paper which I recognized as my letter of ten months before. 'I always carry it with me,' he said, 'it is the only letter I have ever had.'"

Believers in the possibilities of reform in children's courts are looking forward to the report of the British Royal Commission on Juvenile Offenders, in which it is hoped that the procedure of America may be recommended and no child charged for the future as a criminal. Be this as it may, as long as English magistrates are as humane and as understanding as is Mr. Clarke Hall their influence cannot fail to be strongly reformative, for, as he points out, "cure rather than punishment is the fundamental object in the treatment of delinquent children."

When the World Hung on Woodrow Wilson's Words

Two More Volumes of His Official Papers and Addresses Are Published

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. Presidential Messages, Addresses and Other Papers (1913-1917), by Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd. Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

By P. W. WILSON

ABOUT the contents of these books, there is, of course, no mystery. The public papers of President Wilson, carefully to be distinguished from his private correspondence, are appearing in a definitive edition of six volumes, issued under the signed authority of his widow. Of these volumes, we have now the third and fourth, covering the period which began with his first election to the White House and ended with the entrance of the United States into the war. It will be remembered that the documents dealing with the negotiations in Paris have already appeared. And under the same auspices, we are to have the eagerly awaited biography of the late President which Ray Stannard Baker is now writing.

When completed, these various records will represent clearly and, we submit, completely the facts of Mr. Wilson's career as he would have desired them to be added to the accumulating annals of the human race.

For the future, then, these volumes will be among the indispensables of the library. And it is a satisfaction to state that a work thus permanent has been so promptly and so thoroughly achieved. Its importance does not consist in novelty. All that here appears has in a sense appeared before. The industry of Mr. Baker and his colleague, Professor Dodd, has been devoted only to the task of arriving at the accurate text of Mr. Wilson's more important utterances. And their elaborate bibliography suggests the labor involved. The fact that they were assisted by students to whom their acknowledgments are paid, is an indication, perhaps, that Woodrow Wilson is still what he always was, a prophet who was heard by youth.

In these pages note and comment are reduced to a minimum. We have the President's ipsissima verba and no other apologia on his behalf. Yet it will be for the historian to take the records and compare them with the evidence of Ambassador Page, Secretary Lane, Colonel House, Joseph Tumulty and other contemporaries who played their part in a momentous drama. The brief introduction cannot be regarded as contentious. One hint of a white heat is, however, unmistakable. Colonel House is accused of perpetrating "strange revelations, above all for the author." Here are delicate issues with which doubtless Mr. Baker is dealing in his biography. Enough for us to express the view that there are problems of psychology, for instance Hamlet, which genius itself does not attempt to solve. When all the searchlights and sidelights have been concentrated on President Wilson, if that day should ever come, we doubt very much whether there will ever be what is called a verdict of posterity.

The frontispieces to these volumes, though photographic, scarcely do justice to the strength of Mr. Wilson's features. In countenance and in career, the late President, as we saw him, seemed to be, if we may say it, the counterpart, first of the younger Pitt and secondly of the elder Chamberlain. The three men, as clear of intellect as they were cleanshaven of chin, started on the upward path of politics as reformers. With clear eyes they saw the great light of a better day. The title of these books is "The New Democracy." Each Democrat, as he arises, doubtless coins his own phrases. But, in essence, the gospel of Woodrow Wilson was the gospel of William Pitt when, at the age of 24, he became Prime Minister, and of Chamberlain a hundred years later. President Wilson, like Pitt, insisted on an effective system of credit and finance. And what he said of big business was broadly what, in the "unauthorized program," Chamberlain said of big landlords.

Nor is the parallel to be confined to what Lord Rosebery would call the first phase of Woodrow Wilson's career. For the three idealists were all of them involved in a conflict that overshadowed their domestic liberalism. They who criticise President Wilson's appeal for neutrality of mind, included in these papers, may be reminded that it was the aim of William Pitt also to keep his country out of war. And they who are impatient over President Wilson's notes to Mexico must not forget how costly were the more spirited epistles addressed by Chamberlain to the Transvaal.

In voice and restraint of gesture, President Wilson may or may not have resembled William Pitt; we cannot say. That he was curiously like Mr. Chamberlain, we can, however, testify. In the "interview" granted by the President to Samuel G. Blythe, we read:

> As he talked I watched those hands and observed how he used them constantly—not in widespread gestures, but rather in supplementary and interpretative motions, as though he were a musician speaking the score of music and playing the notes with his fingers as he went along. I doubt whether his hands, except when he thwacked the desk, moved more than twelve inches one way or the other; but they seemed almost a part of his speech and expressed his various attitudes of mind and emotion when he proceeded as vividly as did the intonation of his voice and the emphasis of his words.

That might have been written also of Chamberlain. These accomplished men had the same ease of delivery, the same felicity of phrase, the same perilous lucidity and the same terrible sarcasm. Both men were practised in their oratory. In both cases, the practice tended to eliminate mere flamboyancy of style and to refine the diction into that perfect rhetoric which merges conversation into eloquence. The very timbre of their enunciation was similar. And similar also was their exquisite elocution.

Yet between their styles, there was a divergence, as subtle as it was profound. For Chamberlain, politics were Parliamentary; for Woodrow Wilson, they were Presidential. It meant that Mr. Chamberlain, even on the platform, spoke where he would be answered. It also meant that Mr. Wilson, even in Congress, only spoke when an answer was out of order. With one statesman, speech was debate. With the other, speech was decision. At Westminster, the emphasis is on persuasion. At Washington, the emphasis is on pronouncement. Mr. Chamberlain had to argue. But whether as professor, as Governor or as President, what Mr. Wilson had to do was to listen, to sum up an issue in his own mind, to formulate a policy, to state it and then to stick to it. Like Burke and Bright, he spoke, when he did speak, in a set speech. And it was none the less a set speech because he was able, without loss of precision, to say exactly what he wanted to say extempore. That was an art which he owed to the classroom.

Whatever advantages or disadvantages there may be in the Presidential compared with the Parliamentary method of utterance, one thing is certain. It is the President who has the best chance of persisting in literature. In Parliament, the idealist, if he is to be a success in office, which Burke and Bright never were, must constantly address the honorable member below the gangway. What President Wilson did was to hammer any little group of willful men who might be in his way and appeal to the conscience of mankind. Senator Lodge might say what he liked. But only Woodrow Wilson would be heard by generations yet unborn. Parliaments recognise constituencies and the individuals who represent them. A President speaks for a nation to other nations. He need not speak in a hurry. He can afford to be literary. What in a Chamberlain was brilliant swashbuckling can be polished into a scholarly exactitude.

If, however, Mr. Wilson's words wear well against the attrition of time, it is not simply because of his Presidential status. It is because, from time to time, he said things so well that they will never be better said. Style is the salt that savors speech and preserves it against decay. And it was to style that President Wilson attained. About his formalities and about his informalities, there is the hallmark of a personal distinction. Gladstone was as noble a Liberal and a greater orator. But, as Disraeli said, he was intoxicated with the exuberance of his verbosity. And verbosity, when cold, collapses. Woodrow Wilson did not leave it to time to condense his meaning into essentials. He used his own blue pencil.

Yet if we are permitted to comment on the matter as well as the manner in these various papers, we must confess to the view that what was gain to literature has been sometimes a loss to the liberalism for which Mr. Wilson stood. No statesman of any era has coined a more fascinating phrase than Mr. Wilson's "too proud to fight." Read in its context, it rings with the authenticity of Canning's immortal improvisation on the balance of the New and the Old World and with Lincoln's astonishing sentences at Gettysburg. Yet the very splendor of Mr. Wilson's vision drew upon him the thunderbolts of scorn. We cannot but believe that if the fateful passage had been the climax of a speech in Parliament, an appeal by a statesman to his peers in statesmanship, the judgment even of Mr. Wilson's critics would have been very different. It was eloquence of this loftiness to which, in the person of John Bright and William Wilberforce, a sister nation has raised statues.

So with the famous proclamation appealing for neutrality of mind. In a Parliament, such a statement by the responsible head of the Administration would have been received with complete respect and approval. Its wording was consummate art. In substance, read as we are now able to read it, it appears to be so obvious that, had the President not made the statement, it would seem as if, by history at any rate, he should have been impeached. A Parliament would have endorsed the declaration of neutrality and so accepted responsibility for it. The constitutional isolation of the Presidential office meant for Mr. Wilson, however, that, in the public mind, his statement was held to be personal to himself. And on his shoulders alone fell a burden of controversy, developing with the years.

We have ventured to compare Mr. Wilson with Pitt and Chamberlain. Let us add a contrast. That all three men grew up as Liberals is undeniable. But if Pitt and Chamberlain died Liberals they were greatly misunderstood. It was, of course, Austerlitz and port wine that killed Pitt. But he had developed, perhaps of necessity, into a Fascist. Chamberlain's earlier ideals were buried in the illimitable veldt of South Africa. After the peace of Vereeniging, he lived many active years. But, unlike Lloyd George, he made no attempt to revive his youthful Liberalism.

To Mr. Wilson, however, the war was no more than a grim interlude to progress. During the war his principles were suspended, but it cannot be suggested fairly that they were ever abandoned. And today, if he were to re-enter the arena, he would say again what he kept on saying a dozen years ago. That is why these "Papers," as we read them, still seem so fresh. There is a music of which the charm does not change with the years. In saying what he said, Mr. Wilson was thinking constantly of the ear that is universal to time and distance. Throughout his oratory, the local was as far as possible avoided.

Wherever men and women are conscious of oppression, of a restriction on the life which was intended to be theirs, of a yearning for a fuller interpretation of justice and mercy, there will these papers be among the inspirations of an advancing citizenship.

"Well, have you nearly done?"

From a War Cartoon by Louis Raemakers.

Life as a Matter Of Voltage

Dr. Crile Suggests That Our Bodies Are Electric Batteries

A BIPOLAR THEORY OF LIVING PROCESSES. By George W. Crile. Edited by Amy F. Rowland. 405 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

By PAUL DE KRUIF

The Burial.

From the Painting by Joseph Israels.

THE title of this book should have made me shy away from it, refuse to read it, because I must confess at the beginning to a most violent prejudice against all theories that try to explain what is living stuff, how did it start, what made it develop, how does it run. One and all, from the dying but still dignified and respectable notions of Darwin to the exploded electronic nonsense of the late Dr. Albert Abrams, theories about life stuff seem to me to try to explain too much, so much indeed so clearly and simply that they end by explaining nothing at all. Life stuff is too shiftingly subtle to correspond to such straightline diagrams as theories have to be.

But here comes Dr. George Washington Crile, who has been up to his elbows during all his working life in the warm entrails and organs of the living bodies of men and beasts—well, when a man who has saved as many thousands of lives as Dr. Crile has, emits a theory of what is life, he must be listened to. Farmers close to the black earth often have sound ideas about the ways of their wheat: a master surgeon who knows every lineament, every quiver of the tissues inside of men surely has something to tell me, even if his theories are so simple that I must gag at them, reject them. (Complicated theories? I simply do not understand them at all.)

And from the very beginning of it, Dr. Crile's book did have something to tell me. The very first paragraph recited how, as a medical student, he watched the mysterious drama of a man dying from having his legs crushed by a locomotive. He hadn't bled at all hardly. What then made that man pass out? Dr. Crile determined on the spot to find the answer to the question. What is death? "Immediately I planned a research * * *" writes Dr. Crile.

That is good. It is rare that a scientific theorist starts out modestly by telling the emotion that drove him to the spinning of his own particular yarn—on the contrary there is usually a disgusting blah of important, high-sounding words to be met with, but Dr. Crile steps forward and tells the plain truth of the dramatic emotion that set him groping for a dramatic explanation of this most inexplicable of all questions. I admire, too, the accounts of the ingenious experiments which helped to lead Dr. Crile to his theory and by which he has endeavored to support it. I was amazed by descriptions of astounding experiments in which Dr. Crile had tied a blood vessel from the head of one dog to the blood vessel of the body of another, then inflicted hurt upon the midriff of one of these creatures while he bored through both of their skulls and stuck electric thermometers through the holes to measure the heat of the brains of each of them. It is natural that the skill needed for such complicated delicate playing with life would make the owner of the skill believe he knew pretty exactly what is life—and death.

But what is death?

Dr. Crile, from his imagination and from thousands of interesting experiments explains death in this book. He tells us that the human body, that all animal bodies right down to invisible beings with bodies so small that they would regard amoebas as we do elephants, are electric batteries! In the little amoeba the nucleus of the creature is the positive pole, while the negative pole is the stuff around the nucleus—that is to say, the cytoplasm. In man the positive pole is his brain and the negative pole is his liver. So long as a voltage exists between your brain and your liver you will be more or less all right; when that voltage flickers out your troubles will all be over. Now mind you, Dr. Crile has not been able to put one terminal of a voltmeter on a man's brain and the other on his liver, to read off a definite voltage, in figures on a dial, while the patient lives, or to watch the needle drop to zero at the moment the sufferer gives his last kick. That would be the kind of evidence a telephone engineer would want, and, of course, if Dr. Crile could do that he could write about a bipolar fact instead of a bipolar theory. But just the same Dr. Crile does present plenty of scientific data which might be used to support his ingenious notion that we are all of us brain-liver storage batteries.

For years, aided by young searchers, nimble at cutting thin slices of brain tissue, expert at painting these slices with varicolored dyes, Crile has been pondering on the look of the brains of men and rabbits who are healthy compared to the look of the brains of men and rabbits who have died of shock, of exhaustion of some kind, of long lying under the influence of the fumes of ether. He has compared the tinted sections of the sliced-up cortexes of the brains of healthy rabbits with those of rabbits who have perished from large doses of strychnine, of rabbits who have been kept awake continuously — by prodding them gently!—for ninety-six hours, and of rabbits who have had dogs barking at and almost but not quite biting them until they nearly passed out from fright. To say nothing of the brains of rabbits who have had their livers cut out.

Dr. Crile found that the hurt and tired brains looked entirely different from the healthy ones. For while the cells of the cortex of the brain of a healthy beast stain brightly, the nucleus one color and the surrounding cytoplasm another, the cells of the brains of the sick, tired, scared, dead or exhausted rabbits and men stain dimly—pour as much dye on them as you will.

Now it is Dr. Crile's belief that, since the nucleus of a cell stains with alkaline dyes, the stuff of the nucleus must therefore be acid. And it is his idea that, since the rest of the cell is colored with acid stains, that part of the cell must be alkaline. The nucleus is—maybe?—walled off from the rest of the cell by a very thin membrane—so, supposes Dr. Crile, all brain cells are little batteries, developing a voltage between the positive nucleus and the negative surrounding cell stuff. When you paint a brain cell and it colors brightly it must be a good healthy little battery—but when it is hurt, and stains dimly, it is dying or dead like an old doorbell dry cell thrown away in a backyard.

For me there is one severe catch here in what otherwise would be a very reasonable idea: the way a painted brain cell looks after it is dead, after it has been dug out of a creature's body and soaked and stained in this and that, may have nothing at all to do with the way that cell looked while it lived in the live animal. The trouble is when you examine life-stuff you have to kill it, and when you kill it you change it.

But Dr. Crile advances other reasons for thinking that the brain cells are batteries and that the billion cells of the brain make the brain the positive pole of the brain-liver battery that generates the mysterious vital spark. He has drilled holes in the skulls of live rabbits. He has put a kind of electric thermometer called a thermocouple through those holes right into their living brain stuff. He has taken such a rabbit with a thermometer sticking out of the top of his head and cut a slit in his abdomen and put another electric thermometer into his liver. Then he has cut a neat gash in that rabbit's thigh, put a current onto one of his sciatic nerves—presto! The temperature of that rabbit's brain goes up and the heat of his liver goes down. * * * That would make it seem as if Dr. Crile had discovered a great internal circuit between the brain and the liver. But what bothers me, when I scan the chart of this astounding experiment in his book, is that when, shortly afterward, the sciatic nerve of the opposite leg of that same rabbit is stimulated, the heat of the liver goes up instead of down. That mixes me up, though the theory, in its more complicated aspects, may clear up my mystification.

But no matter. I forget my confusion in my admiration of the handy and skillful experiments Dr. Crile makes to solidify his strange theory of the body battery. What experiments! Take for example the negative pole out of a dry battery and it couldn't produce enough current to shock a mosquito. Well, Dr. Crile has boldly taken the livers out of rabbits, with all the care of his great deftness as a surgeon; always the heat of the brains of those rabbits goes down; the electrical resistance of their brain stuff goes up; they die. Very clear, undoubtedly, and yet the extensive alterations you produce in a beast by relieving him of his liver make me doubt that this experiment can mean any one particular thing. So many things might happen in a creature when you take out his liver. * * *

The bipolar theory does not, you understand, neglect all the other organs of the body in its preoccupation with the brain and the liver. There are those mysterious adrenals, little glands above the kidneys with the stuff of which—the essence, rather—Dr. Crile himself has actually brought dead persons back to life. These adrenals have an important connection, too, with the maze of electrical circuits Dr. Crile believes the body is. And with the adrenals he makes drastic experiments, bald, garish dissections of the kind Vesalius, Servetus and that free-thinking crew of early anatomists made four hundred years ago on the cadavers of persons. When Dr. Crile cuts these little glands out of a live rabbit, both poles of the battery—positive brain and the negative liver—"fail to survive." Yet more—Dr. Crile cuts off a rabbit's head, but so long as those little adrenal glands are intact the cells of the liver do not break down. Once again, it is my contention that so many things may happen when you cut off an animal's head. * * *

Do not misunderstand. I do not try to be facetious. And I do not deny that the vital spark that Dr. Crile seeks with these and so many other marvelous experiments may indeed be an electric spark. After all, Dr. Crile is right when he says that "* * * in its last analysis all matter is electric in nature and all force is convertible into electricity." At least he is right by the prevailing books, by the theories and beliefs and hypotheses of the most distinguished professors of physics—who themselves have imaginations no less lively than the one which has evolved the bipolar theory of living processes. I do not wish to be facetious and my prejudices tarnish the fairness of my criticism. Indeed, Dr. Crile is his own critic, in words fit for their apt sententiousness, speaking of the application of his bipolar theory to the machinery of memory he writes:

"The intangible nature of these processes and the fact that we are dealing with infinitesimal forces and infinitesimal particles of matter make a demonstrable explanation impossible."

Precisely. The intangibility, the shifting fluidity, the everlasting complicated subtlety of living stuff—those are the bottomless sands in which all theories about life-stuff come to grief. The combined efforts of the thousands of savants who have toiled these last 400 years of the age of enlightenment have produced many facts about living things; they have brought forward a few simple relations between some of these facts, a few relations solid enough to survive the incessantly uncovered new facts. But theories to explain what life is? What theory survives its originator except to be smiled at—or fought over by modernists and fundamentalists?

Dr. Crile records in his book that when he introduces a thermometer into the living brain of a rabbit he can see the temperature of that brain change as a result of "the slightest stimulation of the animal under observation—by the sound of a closing door, a motion of the hand before the eyes, a light touch." That fact may—no one can tell—be more important in the lives of men than all the biological theories from Buffon, through Darwin, to the late Dr. Albert Abrams.

Short Cuts Through the Sciences

THE STORY OF THE ATOM. By W. F. F. Shearcroft. 79 pp.

THE STORY OF MATHEMATICS. By Denham Larrett. Foreword by Professor C. G. Darwin. 87 pp.

THE STORY OF ELECTRICITY. By W. F. F. Shearcroft. 78 pp. Stories of Science Series. New York: Greenberg. $1.25 each.

THESE three neat and attractive little volumes initiate a new series of English make, whose purpose is to put into clear, non-technical, interesting narrative for the reading of laymen the outlines of the history, development and present status of the various sciences. These three stories—of the atom, mathematics and electricity—make a brilliant beginning, and if the rest of the series fulfills their initial promise the average reader can congratulate himself on being thus enabled to inform himself with the brevity and ease which always appeal to him upon the outstanding developments of science.

It appears to be an essential feature of the series to present each science as a continuous growth from the first manifestation of its origin. Mr. Shearcroft in his book on the atom and Mr. Larrett in his on mathematics find the beginnings of those two stories far back in the mists of antiquity, the one in Greece five centuries before Christ and the other in Egypt 500 years earlier, but Mr. Shearcroft comes down to the days of Queen Elizabeth to find the date of the real birth of the science of electricity. In each case the author sends out searchlight rays questing the horizon for signs of previous knowledge and noting isolated facts that may have been known in previous times. But the science is not considered to have been born until there was definite effort to account for facts and to correlate them by means of theory. Then the narrative shows how from that time theory and observation and practice have worked together for the growth and expansion of each science.

The necessary selection and condensation for a story in which so much must be told in less than a hundred pages have been done with notable success in each case. For, of course, only the most important events, personalities and developments could be brought into the narrative, which is made very readable and vital notwithstanding the condensation. But the reader must not expect to find it possible to use either of these little books as an encyclopedia.

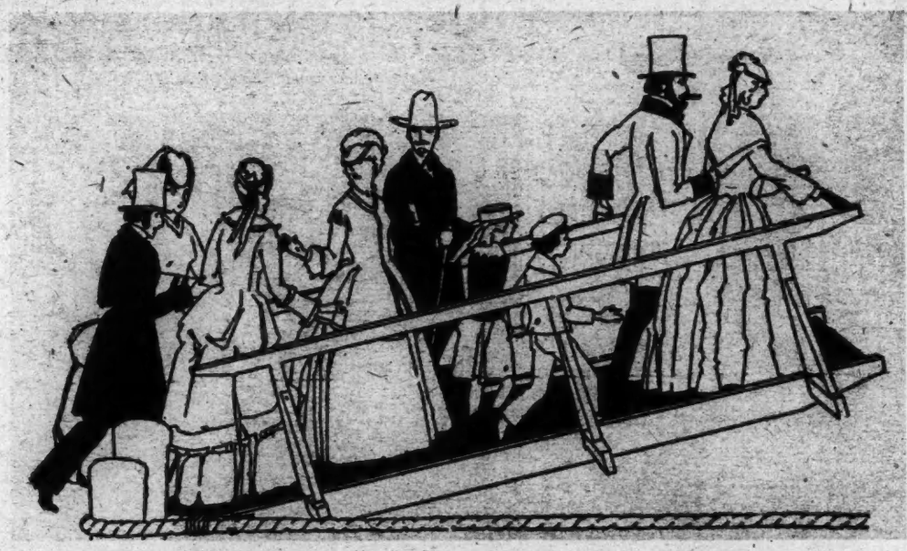
What he does get, and it is something of which there was much need, is graphic presentation of the long and continuous life of each science, with suggestions of its background in different epochs, and some realization of the relations of the sciences to one another. Thus, Mr. Larrett, who presents a really fascinating tale about the life story of mathematics, notwithstanding the reputation of his subject for dryness and dreariness, shows how it is fundamental in almost all other sciences as well as in all the practical affairs of life. He has some chapters on the great twentieth century development of mathematical science, relativity, that will make the subject clearer even to those who are quite convinced it is not worth while to try to understand it. Each volume brings its subject down to the immediate present. There are helpful explanatory diagrams and tables.

"Show Boat" Is High Romance

Edna Ferber Goes Barnstorming Down the Old Mississippi

SHOW BOAT. By Edna Ferber. 386 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

By LOUIS KRONENBERGER



From the Jacket Design by Rémi Clarke for "Show Boat."

WE need not be sentimentalists to regard the past with a romantic eye. It is the normal way of regarding it. The past is, at first hand, romantic. Disenchantment comes only when we reconstruct it laboriously with the aid of history books and contemporary documents, or when we treat it in terms of the present. Flaubert pored for many years over source-material, and "Salammbo" is not romantic. John Erskine brought Helen up to date, and "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" is not romantic. But in general the realists have considered their own age and the romanticists an earlier one.

At a time when realism is all but monopolizing literature, one experiences a sensation of delighted relief in encountering "Show Boat." It is gorgeously romantic—not in the flamboyant and artificial manner of the historical romance which twenty-five years ago, under the titles of "Janice Meredith" and "Richard Carvel" came definitely labeled before the American public; not staggering beneath a weight of costume and local color. "Show Boat" comes as a spirited, full-breasted, tireless story, romantic because it is too alive to be what the realists call real; because it bears within itself a spirit of life which we seek rather than have; because it makes a period and mode of existence live again, not actually different from what they were, but more alluring than they could have been. "Show Boat" is romantic not because its people and events violate any principle of possibility, but because they express a principle of selection. Miss Ferber has chosen the brightest colors and let the dull ones go. She has avoided the contrasts by which the brightness would fade into the common light of day. "Show Boat" is dominated by one tone as Hergesheimer's "Balisand" is dominated by another.

After the days of Mark Twain, the Mississippi holds small place in American literature. Now it reclaims its place, happily as the scene of later days than Mark Twain's. River travel such as he described had fallen off with the coming of railroads, and Captain Andy Hawks of "Show Boat," facing the fact in the late '70s but satisfied by no life save that of the river, compromised with buying a show boat—one of those floating theatres which moved from town to town for a one or two night stand, by day approaching the town with calliope screaming and flags flying, by night shining with hundreds of lights above the river. On board with him was his wife Parthy, a hard, gaunt New Englander who should have been a spinster; his daughter Magnolia, at first a child, later on the ingenue of his troupe; the troupe itself, all "picked" characters for the purposes of the novel; and, when the time was ripe, that most engrossing and romantic character of all—Gaylord Ravenal.

Magnolia Hawks was as much in sympathy with her spry half-Gallic little father as his wife was out of it. Parthy Hawks mistrusted the show-boat existence, though in the end her repressions conquered her and made her the show boat's worst slave. She also mistrusted Gaylord Ravenal, who came aboard it to act, only because he fell in love with Magnolia. She found out all about him, but she could not keep Magnolia from marrying him. They stole off and were married in a small river town, Ravenal paying the minister with his last $10. How enjoyable a figure he is from start to finish and how flawlessly he comes up to every requirement of his romantic part! Exiled from New Orleans for killing a man in self-defense; aristocratic and nonchalant, perfectly groomed, a cool, inveterate gambler, leading Magnolia, in after years when Andy Hawks had been drowned, to a see-saw existence in Chicago, fluctuating with his gains and losses at faro—a delightful figure from start to finish, and a delightful finish, when he leaves Magnolia $600 and goes away forever.

The third generation in Magnolia's family is her daughter Kim; and though she brings the story up to modern times, she leaves its tone of romance unimpaired. She becomes a great actress in the New York City of today, moving about in a social milieu in which appear such actual figures as Woollcott and Broun, Crowninshield and Swope, Katharine Cornell and Ethel Barrymore, all of them glimpsed fleetingly. But Miss Ferber carries her story further, makes it swing full-circle. When old Parthy dies, having made half a million with her show boat, Magnolia goes back for the funeral and feels the call of the past. She can't leave the "Cotton Blossom," and down the Mississippi, presumably in this year 1926, she goes with it, stopping on June 2 at a town called Lulu. By bringing the story of the show boat up to date Miss Ferber almost makes the cord snap; but it holds somehow, perhaps because Magnolia herself makes the last romantic gesture.

All art is a luxury in the sense that it fills a place beyond the physical necessities of life, but some art there is which is entirely ornamental, which does not reveal life, or probe character, or feed the soul. "Show Boat" is such a piece of writing—a gorgeous thing to read for the reading's sake alone. Some, perhaps, will conscientiously refer to it as a document which reanimates a part of the American scene that once existed and does no more. But this writer cannot believe it is that; rather it is a glorification of that scene, a heightening, an expression of its full romantic possibilities. There was, no doubt, a gallant Andy Hawks in the old days, and a Magnolia, and more Gaylord Ravenals than one; there was such a scene as that recorded of Julie Dozier when she was discovered to have negro blood; there was a Parthy Hawks who ran a show boat down the river, an indomitable woman who formed an anomaly among show boat proprietors; but they were never the one group who lived on the "Cotton Blossom." Plenty of prose intermingled with the poetry of the true scene, plenty of realism with the romance. And all these things, of course, Miss Ferber knew before and while and after she wrote "Show Boat."

But Life, here, gives way unrestrainedly to Art. And Art functions in one tone—the romantic. Some will not submit to this, and will object to a piece of melodrama here, a wild coincidence there, an unconvincing character somewhere else. That will be an esthetic mistake. Let us accept the delightful lives these people lead. All in all, when you look back upon the story it is amazing how little that is exciting and complicated has happened; this is biography rather than "plot." Miss Ferber has told her story without stint, a long free-breathing story, safe from the careful selectiveness and lacunation of modern schools of writing. It never becomes sentimental; at times it is high romance, at times light romance, at times comedy; but it is never melancholy romance. There is no sighing after the snows of yesteryear. With "Show Boat" Miss Ferber establishes herself not as one of those who are inaugurating first-rate literature, but as one of those who are reviving first-rate story-telling. This is little else but an irresistible story; but that, surely, is enough.

From Cleopatra's Barge to the Clipper Queens of the Sea

THE SHIP UNDER SAIL. By E. Keble Chatterton. 224 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

FROM the beginning of history the sea has been a mine of inspiration and romance. The adventures of Sindbad the Sailor are accounts of Babylonian seafarers who ventured out of the Persian Gulf to explore the coasts of India and China. The Vikings left behind them a wonderful collection of sea stories, and their sagas rang today among the very best of the world's literature. In Elizabethan times the tales brought back by explorers from distant lands had a great part in stimulating the national imagination, providing new ideas and starting on its way that greatest period of English literature.

It is dangerous to make generalizations about these periods of unusual literary productiveness, but nearly every one was directly preceded by some improvement of communications. Either new lands were discovered or known ones were brought into closer contact. And up to comparatively recent times most communications were by sea. The land routes were difficult and dangerous. Until the invention of the railroad, the steam engine and the telegraph it was the ship, the sailing ship, which kept the world's circulation moving.

The sailors and shipmasters themselves never realized the effect they were having on posterity; they were more interested in spices, whale oil and salt-fish; but they might have been pleased to know that every time they improved their vessels enough to tap new sources of wealth their nation quickened with new life and their nation's poets wrote a few words in the book of the world's literature.

In his "Ship Under Sail" Mr. Chatterton tells the story of how the Egyptian Nile barge developed into the graceful clipper ship of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful story and could fill twenty such volumes, involving as it does most leading races and almost every real civilization.

The ship and its rigging were developed to meet local problems. The Nile barges, for instance, had to draw little water to operate on a shallow river, had to be free of spars and unnecessary rigging so they could float down stream with the current and had to be easily handled to avoid mud flats. To meet these conditions the Egyptians developed an open barge with broad beam and tremendous overhang. This construction made it both shallow and easily controlled. There was ample length of gunwale for numerous paddlers, and the steersman standing on the extreme bow and stern could guide the vessel much more effectively than if they were nearer the waist. The mast was an A-shaped affair which could be quickly lowered when the captain wished to go against the wind either by rowing or floating with the current.

From the Jacket Design by Erick Berry for "Father's Gone A-Whaling," by Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Cabot Osborne.

(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Phoenicians, who followed the Egyptians, had other problems to solve. Their home ports were on the open coasts of Syria, and their ships had to cover the Mediterranean and Black Seas, even pushing out into the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Accordingly they were longer, with less overhang and a row of shields to protect the rowers from waves and pirates. The mast became permanent and the sail was a single rectangle stretched on a short yard.

The Greeks improved this type for naval purposes by adding a ram and developed an additional broader vessel to carry the growing trade of the Mediterranean. It is interesting to note that not until she had captured the carrying trade from the Phoenicians did Greece become the leading civilized nation of the world. Up to that time she had been an agricultural country with literature of interest only to archaeologists, but as soon as ships began to bring back ideas and wealth from older lands she blossomed out into that marvelous Greece which used to give our college students so much unwelcome mental exercise.

The same is true of the Scandinavians. They were the first to develop a ship which could navigate the stormy northern seas with a reasonable chance of returning to port. Their saga-writing period began when they started on their piratical expeditions and ended when they became Christians and the Church had persuaded them that it was more godly to forsake the sea and remain in peaceful obscurity under their chilly northern lights.

And so it goes from earliest times down to the present day. Just as soon as new methods of communication bring an influx of new ideas we have an almost unfailing increase in commercial, intellectual and literary activity. Until very recent times such improvements have usually been due to some new development of the sailing ship. The Elizabethan period began when Englishmen were able to build ships which could go everywhere and did. Even our own literature got its first start when New England clippers and whaling ships had covered the globe and brought back wealth and ideas to convert our Puritan ancestors to milder and more cosmopolitan states of mind.

With all these possibilities outlined above, it is hardly conceivable that an old hand like Mr. Chatterton should be able to write an uninteresting book. And yet he almost achieves the impossible. Like many writers who know a great deal about their subject, he assumes that his readers want to know as much as he does. It is not so. They do not want a text-book on obsolete rigs or a minute and difficult description of, say, the Flemish carrack in the fifteenth century. Mr. Chatterton should realize that these details are his tools, not his finished product; his means, not his end.

Mr. Chatterton loves the sea and all its men and ships, but he makes the mistake of weighing down his romantic flights with too many ill-chosen facts. He cannot see the ship for the rigging. He tells us that his ships are beautiful, his seamen brave and his captains daring, when all he need do is assume these things and tell us stories built on the assumptions.

It is not quite fair to criticise Mr. Chatterton for failing to do something any author would be glad to accomplish. He would probably deny with emphasis that he was trying to do more than write a history of the sailing ship. He is quite within his rights. It is the author's privilege to set any easy objective. But in this case how much better if he had turned out a little more ambitious.

"THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD" HAD NOT READ THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

When James Hogg Visited Sir Walter and Lady Scott, He Followed Her Example (She Was Delicate) and Stretched Out on a Sofa. "I Thought I Could Never Do Wrong," He Said, "to Copy the Lady of the House."

"Ways of Escape" and Other New Works of Fiction

WAYS OF ESCAPE. By Noel Forrest. 427 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"WAYS OF ESCAPE" is a notable first novel by a member of the rapidly growing "Galsworthy School." "The Forsyte Saga" deals with a family long established, the present story with a man who is intent upon becoming a distinguished ancestor. "Ways of Escape" is written with much the same brittle detachment, the same completeness of conception, the same readiness to seize upon and to develop all possible melodrama, the same attention to the rounding out of minor characters, and, above all, with the same desire to portray the weakness and the strength of the hard-headed, selfish, efficient type of successful Anglo-Saxon business man. Mr. Forrest has not yet achieved the facility of expression of his more famous model (his handling of dialogue is positively abominable; he knows what his characters would say, but has little idea how they would say it), but he knows his characters and their surroundings thoroughly and he succeeds in making them perfectly definite to the reader. He also makes his story continuously interesting.

Stephen Heath is likely to become a classic example of the self-centred, tyrannical parent. He tried to cramp his children into the narrow mold of his own life, and he failed miserably, ruining their lives and his own. The author shows us convincingly the reasons behind every action that Heath ever performed, yet we can have no sympathy for his tragedy. He deserved what he got.

From earliest childhood he had always known just what he wanted and how to get it. When he was successful—and he never failed—they called it "Heath's luck"; he denied that there was such a thing as luck. It was merely that other people never decided what it was they wanted; consequently they never got it. Stephen never left things to chance.

At school he had been a brilliant scholar and a crack cricket player, respected by his companions, who agreed, however, that "Heath's the sort of chap you never get any further with." No one ever "got any further" with him. He was entirely self-sufficient and saw no reason to subject himself to the vagaries of intimate friendship. He had an artistic streak in him, and a desire for the prestige that is accorded a philanthropist; it was necessary for his happiness that he control completely everything with which he was connected. So he settled in his old home, Stangate, near London, quickly became recognized as a brilliant architect, and began to enter intensively into all civic activities. In a few years, by sheer force of ability, he was ruling the town with an iron hand. Always altruistic in purpose, he was determined that the town do what he thought was good for it. He erected new buildings, organized playgrounds, facilitated the intellectual growth of the town, but he would brook no opposition. When it was suggested that the people didn't want the things he did for them (with public money), by force of his brilliant logic he proved that they did.

People wondered what would happen to Stephen when he married. "I shall marry a very beautiful girl and we shall have four children," he had said when still in school. Both assertions came true. Not only was his wife beautiful, but she was a woman of fine intelligence. Stephen wanted only a beautiful mother for his children, not an intelligent wife, so he starved Adeline's intellect as he starved her emotions. He put her upon a pedestal, not because he was in awe of her, but because he didn't want her to interfere with his life. She was merely a beautiful treasure, selected as an example of his taste. He broke her spirit, but was endlessly solicitous about her beauty.

He planned for and directed his children as he did everything else with which he came into contact. They saw through him, saw that he was merely making them subservient to his pride, and they hated him. Had he ever shown them any affection, had he even allowed them to be affectionate, they would have loved him despite his irritating domination. But Stephen did not believe in emotion—not in showing it, at any rate. He thought it a characteristic of the lower classes. Complete and unrelaxing self-control was his only rule, and to that he trained his children. They were never allowed to shout or to play vigorously. Even at the age of 4 he exacted dignity of them. From the first he impressed upon them just what he expected them to do with their lives, and it was seldom that they dared hope for another fate. They deceived him, but they carried out his instructions. He saw that they did so. Adeline was never consulted about the children, and she scarcely knew them. Stephen saw to that, too.

Just one man failed to envy Heath his success, and that was Paul Kenyon, the only person with whom he had ever approached any degree of intimacy. Paul was devoted to Stephen, but he feared for him and dreaded the day when his friend would have to pay for his happiness; but he was powerless to prevent the catastrophe that was so imminent. Stephen was so cock-sure that he answered any warnings with an almost insulting disregard. His philosphy of life was iron-bound. It fitted his personal needs to perfection; by means of it he had achieved exactly what he wanted. Consequently, with the supreme arrogance of success, he was perfectly sure that this philosophy would apply equally well to the rest of the world, and he applied it—disastrously. One by one he wrecked the careers of his four children, but never would he admit that it was the fault of his plans. Whatever happened, he retained his cruel pride, sacrificing to it such of the happiness of his children as still remained.

It is a powerful picture that Mr. Forrest has drawn. Other writers have sketched and hinted at various aspects of this subject, but seldom has it been laid bare in such completeness or so forcefully. Like Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Forrest is a moralist. The entire framework of his story (and it is a very good framework) is arranged to drive home his point, but he does this without doing violence to his characters. They prove his case, but they do so willingly. When one has finished "Ways of Escape," one is convinced beyond question that it is immoral for a father to direct the lives of his children without weighing carefully their desires and their capabilities. One is also confirmed in one's adherence to the saying that it shall not profit a man if he gain the whole world and find not love in the process.

Such a book as this would attract attention whatever the conditions under which it appeared. Considered as a first novel, it is even more remarkable. Mr. Forrest has something to learn about craftsmanship, but he does possess the rare qualities necessary to creative writing. He writes with honesty, with penetration, with restraint, and with an admirable feeling for unity and completeness. In addition, he has the feeling of the born story-teller or professional entertainer for the dramatic quality of a situation.

There is nothing sensational about "Ways of Escape," but it is a solid and convincing novel which leaves the reader with a feeling that the time spent upon it was well worth while. If he keeps on as he has started, Mr. Forrest should soon take his place among the important modern writers in the conservative tradition.

LOVE AND YOUNG BRITONS

DEVICES AND DESIRES. By Vera Wheatley. 307 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"DEVICES AND DESIRES" opens on a scene which indicates that Vera Wheatley is about to launch another novel concerning the younger Britishers, their scandalous goings on among night clubs and the affections of the other man's wife, the jazz they sing and dance to, and the puns and epigrams they perpetrate. Developments subsequently provide an agreeable surprise. The beginning pages, however, are a bit discouraging; here is the Grant household, with the daughter and two sons slowly recovering from sleep after a gay dance. They take to their tubs for the morning splash; the reader listens for the lines of a current popular song, which shall date the novel and display Miss Wheatley's cleverness. The first miracle transpires; these characters do not sing at the bath. Further, there are no quotations anywhere in the novel of "Yes, We Have No Bananas." The novel remains serenely dateless from cover to cover, and the reader heaves an enormous sigh of relief.

Miss Wheatley builds her situation upon that perennially fascinating subject: Who's to pair off with whom? Her background is a quiet, respectable, middle-class suburb of London, which she calls Furley. Her heroine, Evangeline Grant, is apparently destined for a troubling career of lovely, lost femininity. She is another whose pagan instincts, so-called, are at war with her acquired code of manners. Miss Wheatley may either bring Eve, gently but firmly, to a recognition of the peace and mild exaltation to be found in a home and husband and children, and a strict observance of the conventions, or she may precipitate her into a romantic, extra-legal situation. It happens that Miss Wheatley has visualized a more telling resolution which represents an accurate and inevitable compromise between the two apparently exclusive and contradictory elements.

Of course Eve has before her a number of examples, in and out of matrimony. Before marriage she has a wide choice among the eligible young men of Furley, including the compelling, slightly Byronic figure of the rich and esthetic young heir, Alaric Steyne. An episode in Alaric's past is revealed to Eve in time to head off her growing infatuation for him. She thereupon accepts Dickie Stair, with whom she has played from childhood. When her second brother, Val, runs away with her oldest brother Tom's wife, Eve is so shocked that her child is born prematurely. Her third brother John and his wife Maidie, Eve's closest friend, offer her an example of how a successful marriage ought to be conducted. She is in a fair way to making Dickie what Furley considers a "good wife," when her baby dies and sends her adrift. At the right moment Steyne enters her life again. This time a dangerous flirtation is precipitated, which almost emerges into a dramatic elopement. Steyne boggles at Eve's terms, and she returns to Dickie. Five years later she has a family of two healthy children. So far from being completely reconciled, however, to the humdrum course of existence, she has recourse to furtive little erotic blandishments, and scurrying, unadmitted flirtations with other men than Dickie.

While Eve is the central figure of the story, Miss Wheatley has created other interesting characters. Miss Mulholland, the capable governess, who stays with the family long after her service is ended, and who keeps the vain, silly little mother from spoiling the young Grants, deserves more attention from Miss Wheatley. It is unfair to hint at a distinguished past for Mul's family, at a secret platonic passion for Eve's father, who has died before the story opens, and then leave Mul as merely a sort of chorus in the difficulties and scrapes of the Grant family. "Devices and Desires" shows certain failings in construction which are more than offset by the author's honesty and straightforward writing. It appears to be a first novel; it is a creditable and responsible work, and a decidedly heartening manifestation of prose fiction.

LITERARY LIFE

THE BECKONING GLORY. By May Emery Hall. 369 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

"THE BECKONING GLORY" is a rather facilely written story that combines several stock characters in a new arrangement. If a hot weather novel may be defined as a poor novel that keeps progressing steadily enough so that the reader is not forced to spend more than a modicum of time upon any one of its shortcomings and is never required to exercise his own imagination, then this book may be so classified. It is far from stimulating, but it does possess a certain sustained interest. It combines, in a manner calculated to interest a varied audience, an easy sophistication with the sentimental idealism so common in the movies.

Coralie Short is the sensitive girl brought up in the atmosphere of callous Puritanism of a small New England town. She has an ideal of beauty and of happiness that she refuses to relinquish, consequently she is forced to leave dreary Bridgeton. She marries a young author and goes with him to New York, but, curiously enough, she discovers that happiness does not follow immediately upon her arrival in the metropolis.

The description of her life in Bridgeton is entirely conventional and is filled with appropriate local color—including the schoolmarm who could not understand the young girl's love for Wordsworth; the ferocious Methodist minister who tries to "save" her but who, instead, goads her into committing the heinous crime of entering a Catholic church; and the hard-working, unimaginative, kindly Tom Millard, who cannot understand why Coralie won't marry him.

And then came Neil! Before she met him she had understood that he was a bond salesman; he turned out to be—an aspiring author. He had even had an article published in the Atlantic! Of course they fell in love at first sight, and set off together to find "the beckoning glory."

Neil meets with the inital successes of a talented young man in New York, but soon runs into the demon, commercialization, and discovers that if he is to get ahead he must give up his literary ideals. He prefers to become a bond salesman.

At first Coralie's new life is entirely devoted to a possessive and self-sacrificing mothering of Neil, but later she gets drawn into a sophisticated social-literary set that intrigues and bewilders her. There she meets a popular author, Ross Lor-

ruine, whose matinee-idol manner sweeps her off her feet. Further disturbed by the insinuation of a suave psychoanalyst and by the unaccustomed conventions of her new friends, she gets into various precarious positions, and finally becomes estranged from her husband.

Having proceeded so far with reasonable success, the author seems to have been in a quandary as how to finish her tale. In despair she falls back upon the war. Neil and Coralie have separated and do not communicate with each other. Both of them go to war, he in the Canadian infantry, she as a Red Cross nurse.

In New York, Neil had had a platonic friendship with a young English girl. During a bombardment, his English "buddy," whose sister is dying in a near-by hospital, asks Neil to go to see her, as she is calling aloud for an American. Neil goes and discovers that the sister is his former New York friend. As she dies, she confesses her love for him. Neil rings the bell to tell the nurse that the patient is dead, and Coralie appears! As the curtain goes down, they are clasped in each other's arms vowing eternal devotion!

IN NEW MEXICO

HOT SATURDAY. By Harvey Fergusson. 261 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

MR. HARVEY FERGUSSON, with three novels behind him which have been well received, has now added to his list a fourth. The title of the new story is "Hot Saturday"; but if there is seeming ambiguity here it immediately vanishes when the reader discovers that the scene of the narrative is New Mexico.

For the purpose of rough-and-ready identification only "Hot Saturday" might be classed as another novel of "Main Street." But there is no similarity between Mr. Fergusson's work and that of the school of fiction which has Mr. Sinclair Lewis at its head. All that the author of "Hot Saturday" has done to further the scientific study of small-town life is to set his tale within the environs of a small Far Western community, and to people his story with two or three morons. Obviously his locale might have been New York, London, or Paris, since "Main Street" is not a thoroughfare but a cast of mind, and morons are ubiquitous. On the other hand, in the small town it is generally easier for the moron and those who consider themselves his intellectual superior to come into social contact, especially if all are adolescents and attending the local high school, which is certain to be coeducational. Mr. Fergusson's characters are some town boys, a formerly tubercular gentleman from the East, and a young dude-rancher, also from the East, and, of course, the heir to a million or two. The author has not, in some respects, yet emerged from the school of E. P. Roe.

"Hot Saturday"—the novel gains its title from the fact that the principal events all take place during one sweltering week-end—is in one particular a pleasing exception. For once, a novel appears which lives up to the blurb on the publisher's jacket. "Hot Saturday" is characterized as "a sardonic tale." It is. Ruth, the young lady of the narrative, has kept herself free of the pawings and maulings of the morons of her circle. But they have their revenge. When the young dude-ranching millionaire comes, a Lochinvar of the East, to carry away this pure flower out of barbarism, they fill him up with lies—which he believes. The dénouement must not be revealed.

Mr. Fergusson has no little skill as an author; his tale has movement, and at the same time it is concise. Also, Mr. Fergusson paints his New Mexico skillfully, and the grim humor of "Hot Saturday" will commend it to those with a penchant for the Gallic.

IN THE OPEN SPACES

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART. By Peter B. Kyne. Illustrated. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

THOSE whom improbabilities and coincidences do not disturb may enjoy this new tale by Peter B. Kyne, which he calls "The Understanding Heart." The heart in question was the property, though of course only temporarily, of a remarkable young woman named Monica Dale, aged 21, with a "rich, creamy" complexion, beautiful hair, an "adorable neck," and "large, alert, sparkling eyes." Monica was a member of the ranger force of the San Dimas National Forest, being employed as the lookout on Bogus, a hill-peak in Siskiyou County, Northern California. There she lived alone, an orphan without relatives, and every man who met her fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. But she gently refused them all, until at last the author produced the right one, a flawless and devoted young gentleman, Anthony Garland, who had been a lawyer until, half-starved, he developed tuberculosis, and became a ranger.

At their very first meeting, Monica called him Tony. But noble as Tony was, he was not one whit more chivalrous than the escaped convict, Robert E. Lee Mason, otherwise Bob Mason, around whom the plot revolves. Mason had killed a man; but, of course, the killing was not merely justifiable, it was inspired by the purest and most admirable motives. And the moment the reader hears of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company and of its President, Mr. Jethroe, he will, unless he is a very inexperienced reader indeed, know precisely where to look for the real villain of the piece. Bob himself declared that his great mistake was that he married "for the selfish desire for one woman and not for love of my race," but to the reader Bob's principal crime would seem to be his habit of philosophizing, tritely and at excessively great length, an unpleasant failing which apparently did not entirely overcome him until after his escape from prison, though it is a weakness which would fully account for his wife's far from exemplary conduct. Perhaps he was corrupted by the example of "Uncle" Charley Canfield. That aged individual was "a golden-hearted old fraud," who "strove to conceal his abounding generosity, his tremendous unselfishness, his deathless loyalty to his friends and his ideals behind a camouflage of abuse and mock deviltry," and also by talking a very great deal.

Of course there is a land transaction included in the plot, not to mention a gold mine, a couple of babies, a "missing paper," sought for years and accidentally found at the very moment when its discovery would prove most useful to the deserving heroine, a reasonable amount of hard riding and hard fighting, and since the hero is a forest ranger and several of the more important characters are connected with the service, a forest fire of devastating extent, which enables more than one of the persons involved to show themselves possessed of the requisite amount of heroism, and the author to display his ingenuity in the matter of contriving miraculous escapes. It is while this forest fire rages with greatest fierceness that one of the two babies enters the story, enabling the ex-convict to render, quite without knowing it, an immense service to the District Attorney who had sent him to prison. Which shows how nicely things can be arranged.

In spite of a determined, lavish use of padding and of the very greatest possible number of words, it was necessary for the author to kill off one of his characters in order to keep the story going for a sufficient number of pages. But apart from this single demise, which the reader may or may not regard as regrettable, the novel leaves all the good people prosperous, well and happy, and all the bad ones exceedingly uncomfortable. Which if not precisely the way of life, is very certainly the way of fiction of the type and quality of Mr. Kyne's new novel.

NORSE SEAFARERS

LEIF THE LUCKY. By Clara Sharpe Hough. 246 pp. New York: The Century Company. $2.

CLARA SHARPE HOUGH is concerned with conducting Leif Ericson not only to his destined and recorded discovery of America, but also to a complete repudiation of the old heathen Norse gods in favor of what Mrs. Hough is pleased to call the "White Christ of Rome." The two experiences are related only in that each involves the person and the outlook and the characteristic behavior of "Leif the Lucky." It may be in Mrs. Hough's mind that the very airs and shores of Vineland, later to become New England, possess so salutary and inescapable a virtue that Leif's contact with them instantly starts him

(Continued on Page 13)

Miss Roberts's Poignant Chronicle of the American Peasantry

THE TIME OF MAN. A Novel by Elisabeth Madox Roberts. 382 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

LESS than two years ago the writer of this brief notice, in submitting an article upon the sesquicentennial celebrations at Concord, was advised by a shrewd editor to choose some synonym for the word "peasant," which appeared twice in the course of his story. Not only (so he was told) was the word itself offensive to American ears—the very concept for which it stood was alien to American life. This disinclination to admit the existence of a static class in America corresponding to Europe's peasantry is not a thing of yesterday. As long ago as 1884 the very clever woman writer who chose the pen name of Charles Egbert Craddock was accused in certain critical quarters of importing characters for the cast of "In the Tennessee Mountains," who stemmed, not from any authentic American trunk, but straight from George Eliot and the early Thomas Hardy.

It would be hard to see in what important respect the characters in Elisabeth Madox Roberts's fine novel of the bucolic South, "The Time of Man," differ categorically from the poorest peasant who will land upon Ellis Island within the next twelvemonth. It is true they have no feudal landlord. They are free, in so far as freedom consists in movement. But their liberty is a fallacious and unreal affair. They are tied to the soil by the harshest of all tenures—economic necessity and the inability to do anything except field work for a living. Their earthly goods are reduced to stark necessaries of life, that can be carried in a one-horse wagon—a few faded and patched garments to wear, a few pots and kettles to cook with and a mattress for the elders of the family. So far as acquaintance with the sophistications of their own era are concerned, they might, in the words of the French Deputy, Compère Morel, be men and women "living in another century." The head of the family, Henry Chesser, is an illiterate who believes that the sun burns with oil sucked up from the surface of the sea, who plants potatoes in the "dark of the moon" and corn, peas and cabbage in the "light." Finally, they are peasants in the most essential sense of all. They look for no amelioration of their own lot in their own generation. They are content that children who come after them shall carry on the immemorial tradition. In a country where territory is unlimited and opportunity the possession of every man and woman they have hardened into a social stratum.

It is through Ellen, the one child left out of a baker's half dozen born to shiftless Henry and his wife, Nellie, that the odyssey of the Chessers is given us. When the story opens the girl is 14 or 15, and the wandering life of her family, in a country where Winters are seldom very hard, has been no hardship to her. Indeed, she has acquired a frank taste for the gypsy life, and her first great grief comes when the head of the house accepts steady work "for a spell" and she has to part with a girl friend, Tessie, whom they have picked up on the road. For the Chessers (and this must be borne in mind if the significance of their story is to be seized) are in no sense vagrants. Their moral code is rough but intact. Their respectability is as perfect as that of any rich farmer they work for. They are merely hapless survivals from an age when every one was on the move. The insecurity of their social position is hidden from them by a host of self-deceptions. Henry for years has been, and will remain until the end, "looken for a place to settle down." "Your pappy and mammy don't belong to that there parcel of low-down thrash, no-how," Nellie would say. "Your pappy is a farmen man. Don't you remember how he was a-moven to Nelson County when he caught up with Jock?"

Poor Ellen's is a harsh lot. One wonders, in reading Miss Roberts's poignant chronicles, how many of the ancestresses of the nation have been forced to endure it in the past. Hers are all the miseries of nomad existence without any of its picaresque alleviations. The dirty shacks, with "nigger smells" in the corners, where the family are lodged during seasons of work, and which the listless mother does not even pretend to make habitable; the verminous clothes, washed till they hang on the body like colorless rags; no word of love and for any symptom of rebellion the whip from a father and mother who have in her regard only one grim determination—to keep her "respectable" until the time comes, at 16 or 18, for her to wed and bear another generation of beings like herself. Naturally the poor child's imagination, driven back on itself for comfort, is unbridled.

On her straw pallet in a loft or following behind her father in the tobacco field, she dreams of refinement as thirsting creatures dream of springs.

She looked at herself in the mirror of the creek. • • • She thought that with the change of one or two externals, everything might change—a room to sleep in where there would be pink and blue, herself reading in a book by the window. Things to put in drawers and drawers to put things in • • • and people to say things to. • • • She could feel herself stooping to pull out a drawer, taking out a garment, at first vague and soft and fine, lace and ribbon and sweet smells, but she let it turn to coarse cotton in her hands, for when it took shape and grew definite there was no other way.

The girl is pretty and love of men comes to her. There is Joe Trent, a smug young sinner, home from college, who beckons to her significantly from the brush, but from whom her good angel and the grim, open-eyed integrity that is the salvation of the women of the poor save her.

Joe Trent's eyes were full of gentle looks, but they could draw into two little tubes of looks that went into her dress, under her skin, into her blood. • • • She could see the blue necktie as clearly as if it lay on the ground under her hand when she gathered the sticks. The brown hair, with its whorl at the crown so lovely and unkempt. • • • She shrank back from the lovely thought of his cheek, and a quick voice spread across her confusion, "Lousy brat! I'd be afraid to touch your lousy rags."

And there are the lovers of her own station in life, attracted to her by the dumb mating instinct which provides, more or less, a Jack for every Jill, rough, unstable and ungentle men. One, a commonplace young sinner who sobs out his sense of guilt in her arms, is stolen by a rustic coquette. Another, whom she marries, partly because of the tenderness that lurks under his lawless strength, partly out of pity for his misfortunes (he has tasted the roughness of the law), is tempted away when his wife has borne him four children by a village Messalina and only comes back to her when, flogged by a masked party of farmers on suspicion of burning a barn, his pride has been humbled in the dust. The book ends on a strangely chastened note in which there is somehow an indication of deliverance to come. Father, mother and children are traveling through the night on a journey that is almost a flight, and the children, who know nothing of the tragedy, are looking up at the stars and talking among themselves.

"I heard it said one time that all the stars have names. Wouldn't it be a fine thing to do now, to walk out of a night and to say, 'there's this one, and there's that.' • • •"

"You could learn that in books," Dick said, "and that I'm sure. • • •"

"Where are any books? We got no books," Hen said.

"But the wisdom of the world is the dearest thing in life, learnen is, and it's my wish to get a hold onto some of that there. • • • It seems as much as all the balance of life, seems like. Books is what I want. • • •"

• • • "Where do you think we'll go now, Mammy, and where will we stay tonight?" one asked.

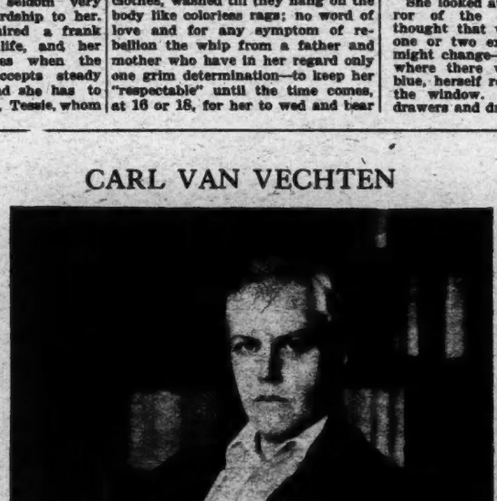
"I don't know. A far piece from here."

"God knows."

"The Time of Man" is a very fine piece of work. Its authenticity as a document for the times is pretty sure to be disputed. It has the datelessness and vagueness of the idyll. There is a hint of conscious arrangement in the many traditional ballads that are interspersed through its pages. But as a study of the peasant temperament it is so alive and good that it suggests a question whether a name greatly matters if the thing itself can be proved to have survived.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

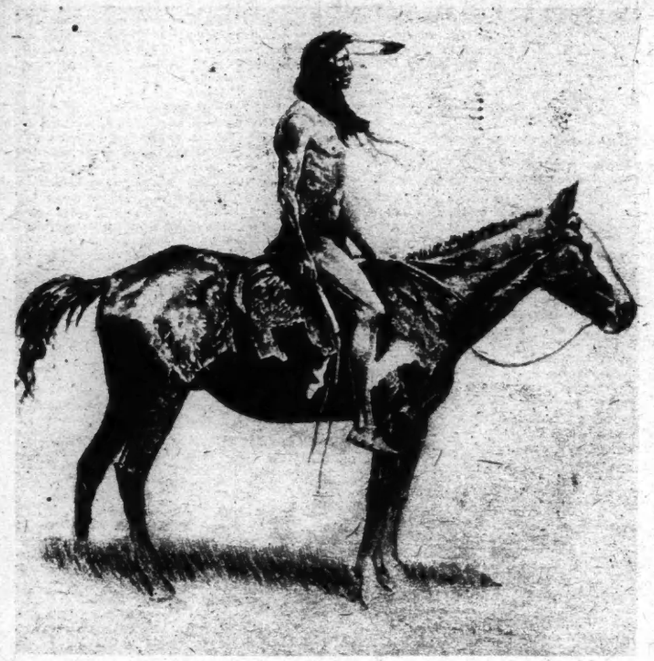
CARL VAN VECHTEN



His New Novel, "Nigger Heaven," Is Reviewed in This Issue. (Photo by F. O. Hoppe.)

A Gallic Adventurer in The Old Southwest

Comte Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon "Lived Dangerously" In Three Continents



Apache on the War Path.

From a Painting by Frederic Remington.

LA GRANDE AVENTURE. By Maurice Soulié. 253 pp. Paris: Payot. 12 Frs.

By JAMES GRAHAM

ONE night just seventy-six years ago a Frenchman looking like a longshoreman of the roughest kind entered a low gambling den in San Francisco. The tables were deserted, all the gamblers and women of the establishment having crowded round the billiard table. Two figures crouched at opposite ends of it, the blades of long, vicious-looking knives gleaming dully in the thick atmosphere. Suddenly one, a big, bearded Yankee miner, sprang forward roaring like a bull. The other met him silently, with a grim smile playing about his hard mouth. There was a quick, sharp struggle which lasted but a few seconds. Then the tall miner collapsed with a queer sobbing sigh in a pool of blood. Hands gathered him up and quickly carried him away, while enthusiastic shouts of "Pindray! Pindray!" greeted the victor of this strange duel as he sprang lightly from the table.

Shouldering his way toward him the newcomer said: "I believe I have the honor of addressing the Marquis de Pindray?"

"Yes, Monsieur," came the reply. "And you * * *?"

"The Comte de Raousset-Boulbon."

And ceremoniously bowing, the two French noblemen shook hands.

This wild scene is but one of many in the life of the Comte Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, with some of whose adventures M. Maurice Soulié has had the happy inspiration of making us familiar in his fascinating volume. It is of peculiar interest to Americans, this "Great Adventure" of an adventurous Frenchman, taking place as it does on what is today, in part, American soil, in California, in Arizona and in the Sonora, at the very time when the American frontier was being pushed ever further west until it reached the Pacific Ocean. But a few brief years before M. de Boulbon arrived on the scene San Francisco was still known as Yerba-Buena, a miserable village of some 300 inhabitants. And when his brief career came to an end a new State had been born and the foundations laid to one of the great cities of the world.

But if brief, this Frenchman's career could hardly have been more crowded with action and fuller of tempestuous life. He and those surrounding him like the Marquis de Pindray were fulfilling a dynamic function which was later to be put into a formula by Nietzsche. They were "living dangerously." There was something elemental about them. They were as yeast stirring into life the mighty powers which lay dormant in the land. And later these fundamental powers which they had called into being would destroy themselves. Out of the strength they had created would come order and law. They who were disorder and lawlessness must go.

De Boulbon, perhaps because he realized this instinctively, turned elsewhere betimes. The Americans having made California too like a civilized country for his tastes, the adventurer looked for another field. He had not far to go. The Mexican Sonora, with its bloody tales of the Apaches, haunted his imagination. Here was the very place for him to find a fresh outlet for his energies. And like all true Frenchmen a patriot at heart, he dreamed of establishing a rich colony for his country. Without any official support, acting in face of the opposition of the Mexican Government, this extraordinary man, who at the time he conceived the plan possessed not the wherewithal to buy himself a square meal, organized and led a military expedition with which he actually came within a hair's breadth of capturing the Sonora.

His odyssey and its tragic ending are told by M. Maurice Soulié in the form of a simple, straightforward narrative, which the author has compiled from unpublished correspondence and contemporary documents in the hands of the de Boulbon family or filed in the archives of the French Foreign Office. He has also drawn occasionally upon such sources as Royce (History of California) and Ferish (History of Arizona). Yet if the tale is simply told, and if the author never for one moment allows his imagination to carry him away from strictly controlled historic facts, the volume nevertheless reads like a wonderful romance of adventure, war and—could it be otherwise, given such a hero and the Spanish beauties of Mexico?—love.

But let us see what sort of man this was who, bearing a great French name, could set off in rags and tatters, recruit a small army in a strange land and come within an ace of carving out an empire for his country. True, he failed. But so did Napoleon III only a few years later with all the armed strength of France to back him. Even to have failed in conditions like these was an achievement.

"The Wolf Cub" was what the servants called Gabriel Marie Gaston de Boulbon, who at the age of seven beat his tutor and claimed the prerogative of ruling as master in the household of his grandmother, the Marquise de Sariac, and ran away because she disagreed. His father, head of one of the great families of Southern France, was a man so taciturn, so autocratic and hard as to make intercourse with him practically impossible. Unable to cope with the turbulent and unruly child placed in her charge, Mme. de Sariac asked her son-in-law to take him away. The Comte de Boulbon arrived a few days later and took young Gaston to the Jesuit College at Freiburg in Germany, where he had spent some hard days as an emigrant during the Revolution. The journey took eight days from the Sariac chateau near Tarascon, during which father and son exchanged no single word. Having handed the boy over to the Jesuit Superior, the Count left without even bidding him good-bye.

The Jesuits are masters of psychology. Two years later the "wolf cub" had become the foremost scholar of the college. But it was too good to last. He was nearing eighteen when a young priest for some trifling pecadillo ordered him to kneel in the class room in front of his comrades and ask pardon. With "that savage light flashing in his eyes" which his grandmother so feared, Gaston hurled his way through all opposition to the sanctum of the Superior and shouted that "he kneeled to none but God." The wolf was at large again. Flight and three days' wandering in the Black Forest ended in expulsion. The Comte de Boulbon did not trouble to fetch the young man home. He merely requested Mme. de Sariac to pay over the 300,000 francs (a large fortune in those days) reverting to him from his mother and let it be understood he did not care what happened to his son so long as he never saw him again.

Gaston betook himself to Paris, where he rapidly became one of the "lions" of the day, a dandy among the dandies, astonishing even the boulevards—then in their heyday—with the splendor of his personality and the wildness of his escapades. He became the friend of Alfred de Mussett, of Prince Demidoff, of the Marquis de Hallays and other famous "bloods" foregathering daily at the Café de Paris. He introduced the fashion of negro servants to Paris and was the first to possess a houseboat on the Seine, and in between his social activities found time to write two plays and a novel.

A few years of this life brought boredom, and we next find him in Algeria, which Bugeaud had just conquered and the French were busy colonizing. Here was an opportunity. Gaston invested what remained of his fortune in buying large domains. But he soon tired of agriculture, preferring hunting with the Arab Caids, whom he entertained lavishly as befitted his grandeur and theirs. Money gave out and, having sold his colonial property at a heavy loss, he returned to stay with his grandmother in Avignon, where he tried to enter political life, but was unsuccessful.

An attempt at reconciliation with his father ended in disaster. The Count had married again, and Mme. de Raousset-Boulbon invited her stepson to the castle. When he arrived his father was waiting in the drawing room. Shaking hands with him stiffly, he looked him up and down and said he would see him again later at supper. Mme. de Boulbon's warmhearted reception somewhat made up for this icy greeting. Just before supper, however, she sent for him and said the Count was very displeased to see he wore an eyeglass and had a beard—new-fangled fashions which disgusted him—and he desired both should disappear before Gaston sat down at table with him. The young man was so anxious to establish better relations that he shaved off his beard. But when he presented himself, the old Count, having looked at him for several minutes, turned to the Countess and said: "Madame, will you oblige me by telling my son that I decidedly find he looks still less agreeable shaven than with a beard. Will you kindly tell him to let his beard grow again and not to appear in my presence until then?"

Gaston supped at the village inn, left Boulbon and never saw his father again.

The rest of his capital was meanwhile gone. He was young, full of vital energy and devoured by an unlimited appetite coupled to a burning thirst for excitement and adventure. What more natural than that the rumors reaching France of a miraculous land of untold possibilities should fall upon no ear more willing than that of Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon? Adventure. Danger. Strife. Romance. The cup of life overflowing with all those things he craved. And withal gold—gold in untold quantities, in fabulous amounts.

When the good ship Avon sailed from Bordeaux she carried among her steerage passengers a penniless gentleman possessing for all luggage his carbine and a small parcel of clothes. None could have guessed that within a few years he was to make history in a far land.

When the former boulevard dandy reached the Golden Gate it was on a small coasting lugger, the Ecuador, which he had picked up at Panama after crossing the isthmus. He was as poor as when he started. But already he was the undisputed leader of the little handful of adventurers on board, and it was not long before his dominating personality had won him a notoriety in San Francisco which was by no means restricted to the French colony there.

His two ill-fated expeditions to Mexico made him, for a time at least, a person of international importance about whom Governments exchanged angry notes. Sterile as they proved from all practical standpoints, one can nevertheless not help a feeling of admiration and sympathy for their leader. His generous enthusiasm for an idea to which he sacrificed everything, including life itself, raise him above such paltry and sordid details as the search of gold. That was merely a means toward an end. His capture and execution by the Mexicans at Guaymas read almost like an antique tragedy, for there is something of the spirit of the great heroes of history and saga about this nineteenth century buccaneer.

"I kneel to no man," he cries in an outburst of fury on being told that the Governor has ordered his eyes bandaged and that he is to be shot kneeling, according to the custom of the land. It is the wolf cub of the Jesuit college again. And it is standing facing the rifles like a brave Frenchman that the Comte Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon passes out, having told the slovenly Mexicans "to aim at the heart and to aim straight."

Breeding an Intellectual Aristocracy

GIFTED CHILDREN. By Leta S. Hollingworth. Illustrated. Experimental Educational Series. 374 pp. New York. The Macmillan Company.

THE scanty literature of race culture is enriched by this new volume added to M. V. O'Shea's "Experimental Educational Series." The author, whose authoritative position in Columbia College gives her judgment value, has accumulated an array of facts and marshaled them with scientific acumen and precision. She has not been able to command an unlimited wealth of material, for she alludes to the surprising fact that it is only within the last five years that systematic research into the progress of superior children has been attempted. It was Francis Galton who, away back in the '80s, wrote a brilliant treatise on "Hereditary Genius," in which he proves conclusively that mental superiority is cumulative; the outcome of favored families. But the world has of late been so engrossed with theories of democracy, which is opposed to the recognition of special values in children, that such writers as Galton and Ribot have fallen into the discard.

It is the more essential, then, when such a progressive, impartial writer as Dr. Hollingworth shows us the other side of the matter, that we attend with an open mind. She has exploded several cut-and-dried educational axioms; such as that all children in schools should be held to the same level. Her contention that intellectual aristocracy is inevitable, that progress depends upon it, is not a baseless theory, but a suggestion she demonstrates; from her first allusion to what constitutes "high caste" in barbaric society, to her final declaration that we should have special teachers to help the exceptional child. Society has for several generations been giving its every effort to the preservation of the weak, and has left the strong, the superior, to carve out their own way, unaided, to achievement. Now and then a warning voice has been lifted, like that of Maria Morevsky, declaring that "no country is great that neglects its people of talent." And there is at present hopeful indication that the world is changing in this respect, in the tendency of wealthy individuals and societies to offer rewards for marked superiority in the fields of science, art and literature. But it is the thinker, not the careless or indifferent reader, who will be struck by the prophetic wisdom of Dr. Hollingworth's book.

Her ideas do not run along popular channels. She belongs to the group of pioneers, fated to speak the truth as they see it, whether it is acceptable to people in general or not. But students of eugenics, progressive teachers, intelligent, disinterested parents, will feel deeply grateful to the author of so sane and helpful a book. One of the many remarks that have unique value is regarding a popular fallacy that a child is necessarily the offspring of its parents in tendencies, in capacities, in possibilities. "Children resemble their parents not because the minds and bodies of the latter can affect them, but because their parents, too, were derived from the germ plasms which they carry at the time their parents were the carriers." She apparently is not quite fixed upon the subject of the power of acquired traits in parents having permanency; that is, of being an endowment for their offspring. But as this is still a mooted question among alienists, it is the more to her credit that she does not dogmatize. In fact, she is everywhere singularly moderate and calm; showing no partiality for any theories, merely offering facts.

The lesson of her fine book is that marriage must in the future be based upon intelligent understanding, not upon any ephemeral emotions, and that the children of superior parents be given every possible chance for the development of their natural gifts. She quotes with emphasis an observation of Franklin K. Lane: "Progress means discovery of the capable. They are our natural masters. They lead because they have the right. And everything done to keep them from rising is a blow to what we call our civilization."

Poetic Drama Did Not Die With Stephen Phillips

Four New Plays Which Seek to Brings Pegasus Into the Theatre

LILITH. A Dramatic Poem. By George Sterling. 118 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

NOBODADDY. A Play. By Archibald Macleish. 67 pp. Cambridge, Mass: Dunster House. $6.

SAVONAROLA. A Dramatic Poem. By Charlotte Eliot. London, England: E. Cobden-Sanderson. 5s net.

ULYSSES IN ITHACA. A Drama. By Frank Jewett Mather Jr. 132 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

ONE has not heard much from the poetic drama since the bright star of Stephen Phillips ignominiously set in criticism's icy sea. Yet as a matter of fact Phillips met with unjust treatment from a world which, esthetically speaking, had suddenly become self-righteous. The poet-dramatist did not deserve his fate. His sins were neither so numerous nor so heinous as they were made out to be, and his virtues were many. It was Phillips's misfortune to come at an unpropitious moment. The decadence of the 90s had brought the inevitable reaction, and when "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" were offered to the public, with their carefully cadenced and over-perfumed lines, the cry went up that here was something too much. The revolt was regrettable, not only for the poets eager to follow in Phillips's footsteps, but for English literature. In a short space of time the writers, out of very weariness, would have toned down their coloring, but the impetus to poetic drama would have held. As it was, baffled and beaten, the poets withdrew into themselves and an era of emaciated lyricism succeeded.

And now there appears something like an attempt to instil new life into poetic drama. To be sure, three swallows do not make a Summer, but if the swallows exhibit both hardihood and beauty they deserve a welcome for their own sake, even if they be not also harbingers. The three specimens in question—we are back now from eralithology to poetic drama—are "Lilith," by George Sterling; "Nobodaddy," by Archibald Macleish, and "Savonarola," by Charlotte Eliot. Although not in verse, but in prose of a highly poetic quality, "Ulysses in Ithaca," by Frank Jewett Mather Jr., is to be added to these.

In spite of the introduction to "Lilith" by Theodore Dreiser the present writer found himself vastly impressed by this rare bit of poetic work from Mr. Sterling's pen. Says Mr. Dreiser in part: "Not Euripides nor Aeschylus nor Shakespeare nor Shelley would more deftly or artfully extract from the very evidence of our few limited senses a clearer or more moving, and, by the same token, more intriguing, indictment of this sorry scheme of things than is here." Mr. Dreiser appears to have omitted only Confucius, the English Bible and Noah Webster; and if Mr. Sterling's poem can survive his fulsome praise it must be very good indeed.

And, in truth, "Lilith" is good, nobly conceived, and executed, for the most part, with rare poetic ingenuity. According to legend, Lilith was a witch woman sent to tempt Adam before the advent of Eve. She is the allegorical impersonation of feminine passion and abandon. Mr. Sterling has adopted only the name and the attributes of Lilith in his character bearing that name, the time of his dramatic allegory is the Middle Ages, and his locale a medieval castle and its environs. The reader may see in the story something of "Jurgen" (without the saving humor of Cabell's entrancing fable); while the poetry of "Lilith" will suggest alternately Marlowe—Marlowe in the architectonics of the poetic tissue as a whole, and Phillips in the coloring, the tonal devices and the effect of isolated lines and passages. Such a line as this, for example,

Against the frozen emerald of thine eyes.

Or this,

Fell a shadow on my heart,
Come like a little wind, and gone as soon.

Or, lastly, this,

A music from a silence past the world.

These lines are poetry; and if they suggest a predecessor they are not, for all that, imitative. No poet of the present day, with centuries of poetic achievement behind him, can stand utterly alone; and "Lilith" comes as near to possessing and conveying originality as is possible.

The rôle of Lilith in the drama is, of course, that of temptress. To possess her beauty—a vain desire—a father desecrates his wife's memory and her grave, and is willing to slay his son. That son, moved by the same desire, does slay the father. Subsequently he deserts his dearest friend in need, and his wife, becomes a seeker after truth, in consequence is accused of magic, and is condemned to death. Sterling, however, has not made this character (Tancred) the symbol of morality as opposed to immorality, of goodness in contrast to evil. This, the more obvious course, and the easier one to pursue, Mr. Sterling has avoided. Tancred is not misled by sensual passion, he is misled by the illusion of possession.

In the fourth and final act of "Lilith" will not be found the many passages of exquisite beauty that adorn the preceding acts and are an integral and interwoven part of them. But even amid his too-much philosophizing Mr. Sterling has room for such a purely visual figure as this characterization of Lilith by Tancred:

Thy heart is colder than the light
Between the northern ocean and the moon.

When we spoke of Marlowe it was, of course, the "Doctor Faustus" that had intruded itself into the background of the mind. Continually does Sterling seem to be reaching out for such a line as the incomparable

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

And the fact that he never quite succeeds shows how nearly he attains to the unattainable. And if "Lilith" does not end with anything resembling the cataclysmic finale of "Faustus" it is only because a sophisticated age can never win back to the clarifying simplicity of thought practiced by the forefathers. On the other hand, not to read "Lilith" will be to miss quite the finest thing in poetic drama yet done in America and one of the finest poetic dramas yet written in English. One hopes it is the forerunner of many.

If the reader has been perplexed by the anomaly presented in the information carried at the head of this review and concluded that there is a typographical error in the selling price of $6 for "Nobodaddy," a book of fewer than fourscore pages, the riddle shall be solved at once. "Nobodaddy" is in a limited edition, printed on hand-made paper, and the type, Caslon Old Style, hand set. As a specimen of fine bookmaking the volume sets a high standard. It comes from the press of the Pynson Printers.

Turning to Mr. Macleish's play, one discoverers it to be a poetic dramatisation of much of the material of the Book of Genesis. The characters are Adam and Eve, Abel and Cain. God walks in the garden in the cool of the day, but His voice is not heard. Both Adam and Eve repeat His words or comment upon them. Neither is the serpent present, but the reader is made aware of his insinuations by the same method. To make clear his point of view the author has written a brief foreword to the drama, the following passage from which seems the essential one:

I have not taken the God of Genesis he writes to be the mysterious universal will which man at that point in his history ceased to understand. I have not seen in Cain the beginning of the human effort to occupy a man-made, man-conscious universe within or without the other. On the contrary, having to deal with the dramatic situation which the condition of self-consciousness in an indifferent universe seems to me to present, I have appropriated, for its dramatic values, the story of Eden, and given to such of its incidents as I have used an arbitrary significance in the interest of my poem which I am very far from believing them to bear to the anthropologist.

In view of the above the reader will not be astonished when he finds that it is Adam rather than Eve who inclines toward the eating of the forbidden fruit—for it is the man, not the woman, who is desirous of knowledge. Therefore, when the consequence has come about, Adam does not make the old reproach against the woman. And again there is a reversal of tradition in the relation of Cain to Abel. Cain's killing of his brother, if one understands Mr. Macleish, is due to his disgust at seeing the latter win a boon from Heaven, namely, rain for the relief of his flocks, by the simple device of sacrificing a ram. Cain will have nothing to do with such an emotional relationship between God and man. Thus the drama is raised into a realm of intellectualism as distinguished from emotionalism.

Whether "Nobodaddy" does not suffer as a result is a fair question. That it suffers both dramatically and poetically there can be no doubt, and whether the new direction given the story, or the new interpretation, if one prefers, fully compensates for the loss is something one must answer for one's self. Mr. Macleish's verse is ever suave, polished, impeccable; and if it never rises to such passionate intensities as the verse of George Sterling in "Lilith," neither does it fall so far short as does occasionally the latter. This is Adam to Eve when God is heard walking afar off,

I hear His feet now. Eve, I hear
His feet like wingstrokes of the unseen bird,
Like throb of water falling far, far off
When no one follows, like the far of stones
Rolling in swollen rivers that our hands
Hear. Look, Eve! The trees, the trees have heard Him.
The grass hears, Eve. The whole night waits for Him.
How shall we answer, Eve?

And this same studied perfection is maintained throughout, suggesting the gardens of Versailles rather than a primeval region on the banks of the Euphrates. One is haunted by the suspicion that the abode of Adam and his lady is the Petit-Trianon, and one comes to welcome Cain's slaying of his brother because it offers dramatic relief. Yet, for all these harsh words we found no little pleasure in the piece; there is something throughout which might be likened to subdued melody played afar.

In "Savonarola," which Miss Eliot inscribes as a "Dramatic Poem," an indirect rather than a direct method is employed, somewhat to the lessening of the effect. The whole is comprised of thirteen dramatic episodes, the first a dialogue between Girolamo Savonarola and his mother just before the young man decides to give his life to the Church; the last a dialogue between followers of Savonarola immediately after the martyrdom.

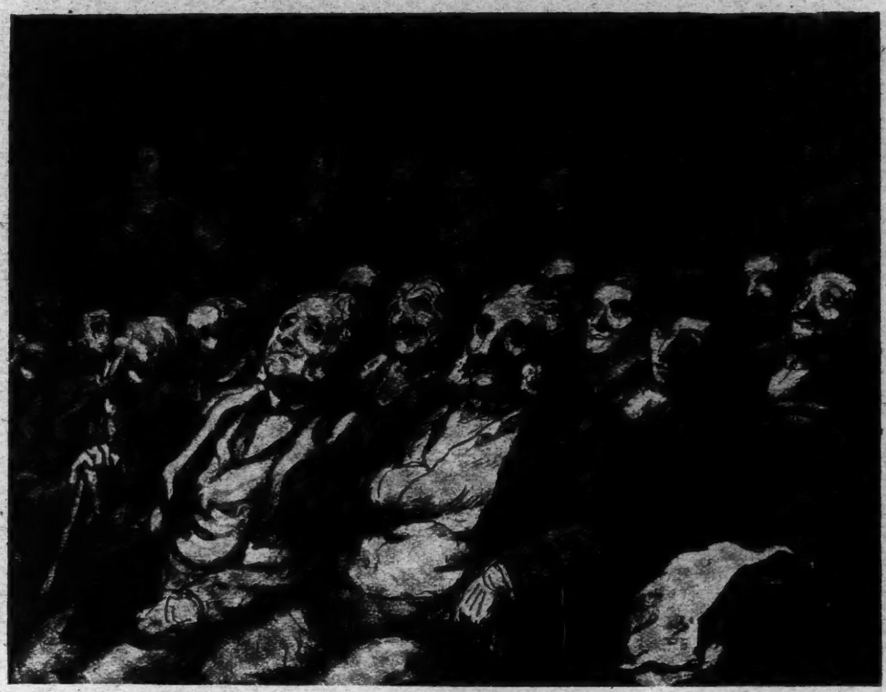
The author having elected to eschew the direct dramatic method, one can hardly quarrel with her over the omission of those elements which would have lent greater dramatic power to her poem. The central figure is never entirely absent; even the spirit of Savonarola is movingly present after death has removed him from the scene, and the suffusion of the lines with the nobility of the subject sustains the poem in lofty serenity. Nevertheless, a reader can but feel that Miss Eliot would have done well to make some concession to an art she evidently felt not sufficiently free from artificial device for a subject essentially religious. Let it be admitted that to place the torture scene directly before the reader would have been a concession to theatricality; such a concession would, however, startle the reader out of an apathy into which she never intended he should fall. The noble Frate, who gave his life for his beloved City of Florence and for the faith that was in him, was a man of energy and fire; nay, even of fury at times. And too little of this fire and fury is allowed to burst through the lines.

The quiet and calm beauty of Miss Eliot's verse is well exemplified by the lines she puts into the mouth of Della Porta as he stands in the Palazzo Vecchio, a sorrowing witness of the execution:

Brave soul, farewell. No pity can I give
To one like thee who asked not to live.
Thy soul enraptured like a bird shall rise
In one glad thrill of rapture to the skies,
Thine only fit abode. 'Tis naught but clay
That hangs there now. Ah, can I longer stay?

In "Ulysses in Ithaca" Mr. Mather has taken the theme which furnishes the motive for Canto 26 of Dante's "Inferno," namely, the insistence on the part of Ulysses that he cannot rust out in idleness as King of Ithaca, that he must voyage after knowledge till he die. According to Dante, he and his companions sail beyond the Pillars of Hercules until they come to a mountain rising from the sea, which, whirling about its base, engulfs them. Mr. Mather has the tale of the mountain brought to the palace of Ulysses by a Tyrian trader, and thus is Ulysses furnished with an object of exploration to justify his otherwise (and still) heartless desertion of Penelope.

One can hardly concede that the modern dramatist has improved on his Italian predecessor; and for our own part we shall refuse to forsake Dante—even in translation. On the other hand, Mr. Mather's rather vigorous presentation of the scenes about the halls of Ulysses, the feast, the call to the companions of the King in the ten years' war against Troy to undertake this final voyage, the manning of the ship, the setting forth—all these give added objectification to the scene which Dante necessarily compressed, and an additional (but not needed) fillip to the original. Mr. Mather writes in a cadenced prose which the reader should find alluring.



Au Théatre Francais.

After the Painting by Daumier. From "Daumier: The Man and the Artist," by Michael Sadleir. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

Vogue of the Catholic Novel in Paris

PARIS.

JUST now the Catholic novel—which as a matter of fact has never been entirely neglected—is regaining its vogue in Paris. For the country of Voltaire and Renan still has a Catholic public, which does a good deal of novel reading, and for which, in accordance with the law of supply and demand, a certain number of novelists must work. The latter fall into two main classes: The right-thinking, conservative and academic novelists, of the Paul Bourget, Henri Bordeaux, or René Bazin type, who present a tempered sort of religion in conformity with the proprieties and with the customs of the fashionable world; and the authors who are bold and impetuous in either their ideas or their style, whose purpose is to shock rather than to reassure society, who disdain the evangelic unction and, sometimes, the social conventions, in order to preach an inciting and terrible faith. This latter school has included Barbey d'Aurevilly and Huysmans, powerfully original and, as a rule, vehement writers whom the readers of their gentler competitors regard with distrust and a little fear. A peculiarity common to the members of this second category is their habitual cultivation of a certain kind of Satanism. One of Barbey d'Aurevilly's collections of stories is entitled "Diaboliques." Huysmans has told stories of the black mass, of witchcraft and magic spells. Belief in the devil requires a strong belief in God. And the latest fashion in Catholicism is called extremism—that is, strictest intransigeance and most rigorous orthodoxy. Thus M. Georges Bernanos achieved true success by introducing the devil as the main character in his novel, "In the Light of Satan," where we meet him in human garb on the high road. Nor did he neglect to denounce the lukewarm priests who hardly dare mention the devil, although, according to M. Bernanos, he is constantly interfering in our lives and plays the leading part here below.

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NOW we have M. Louis Artus with another Catholic novel of the same calibre, "La Chercheuse d'amour" (The Search for Love). True, Beelzebub is not as prominent here as with M. Georges Bernanos. As we will soon see, however, he is not absent either. But M. Louis Artus prefers to devote himself to another form of extremist piety, which consists of a presentation of the most merciless and cruel sacrifices, sought out and suffered joyfully for the glory of God.

M. Louis Artus's heroine must undergo a profound change, and the first part of her career is sufficiently worldly to interest the most profane readers. Esther Manas is a little Jewess of undistinguished ancestry, born in the Venetian ghetto, (near the Canareggio and the Labbia palace, you know). This daughter of Abraham has a passion for giving and sacrificing herself. She conceives of love as a sacrifice. At the beginning she loves, out of kindness, a little hunchback—a poor ambulant musician, unfortunate in every respect, who, without her, would never have had his share of happiness. After this she loves a great chemist who invents a wonderful product; however, it is two-sided, so to speak, being capable of either prolonging human life indefinitely or of destroying it on a wholesale scale. It recalls the sword of M. Prudhomme, who used it to defend the Government or, again, to combat it. Esther quarrels with her chemist because he does not want to place his invention at the disposal of humanity, but keeps it a secret (which is quite prudent, as anarchists or military leaders might put it to most sinister uses).

Esther becomes a great actress; and for some time the rich Prince Analcanti is her patron, permitting her to spend his fortune for her great art and for the poor. But in 1918, believing that she is not sacrificing herself sufficiently, she goes to Russia with a Bolshevik who has persuaded her that she would contribute to the regeneration of the world. She becomes a Soviet official; however, growing indignant at the cruelties of the Tcheka, she runs away, making a French engineer flee with her, and returning to Paris with him. There, still avid for opportunities for devotion, she agrees to marry the engineer (who adores her), and to become converted to Catholicism, the religion of her fiancé.

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BUT the conversion goes too far, and, now a mystic, she no longer wishes to hear of marriage. She intends to dedicate herself entirely to God and to the souls of men. She will live in poverty in a faubourg. Seeing that, in spite of herself, her beauty is causing trouble, she gladly permits a jealous workingwoman to throw vitriol on her. Disfigured and horrible, she now is permitted nowhere, not even in a convent, and therefore takes a servant's position on a farm in Seine et Marne. She cures first a lamb, then a child, thereby causing some to call her a witch, while others consider her a saint. And, such is her humility, she herself inclines to the belief that she may be possessed by a demon. One would expect M. Louis Artus to let the devil play some, though but an incidental part in his novel.

But the author decides in favor of sainthood. Esther Manas permits and accepts a condemnation for a murder she has not committed. The guilty woman had gone astray through a wild passion for an apache. This woman, who has killed and stolen, has a husband and children whom Esther wants to save from a scandal. She is condemned to death, but her sentence is commuted and she dies in prison. Before this, however, the criminal for whom she has sacrificed herself, being also at the point of death, confesses the entire truth to the village priest. And he remains the only one to proclaim Esther's innocence. This is the novel. Assuredly, it is very odd. But it is also very inhumane. I do not believe that God demands such frenzied renunciation. I even doubt whether God would authorize it.

PAUL SOUDAY.

St. Paul's, London.

From a Watercolor by J. Littlejohns, R. B. A. From "The Technique of Watercolor Painting," by L. Richmond and J. Littlejohns. (Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

Posthumous Books In England

LONDON.

WHILE the income of a lawyer, doctor or actor is unaffected by the rivalry of any but contemporaries, the author has constantly to meet the competition of previous generations. As long as people buy and read books by dead authors they have less to spend on publications that bring royalties to writers still living. And it is not merely that popular works are continually being republished in cheap and attractive editions and series. For it is not only old books by dead authors that are being issued almost daily from the press, but also new books by dead authors; that is to say, books that have never before been published and that consequently attract almost as much attention from reviewers and readers as though they had been written yesterday.

Of late there has been a steady flow of volumes of journals and letters exhumed from the archives of country houses and private libraries. These books lack, of course, the topical interest of the Walter Page or Colonel House memoirs, but they have a piquancy of their own that assures for them a good circulation. Take, for example, "The Letters of Mary Nesbit," written to her mother by the young Scotswoman who married Lord Elgin, went out with him to the Constantinople Embassy, helped him to dispatch to England the marbles that have made his name immortal, and shared captivity with him as one of Napoleon's prisoners of war. The publication of "The Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart," who died in 1851 at the age of 94, illustrates a radical change in the attitude of our aristocratic families to the literary world. Lady Louisa herself would probably have swooned if she could have foreseen that these letters would some day be given to the public. For she persistently refused to have any of her poems printed, and she once warned a friend, who thought of issuing a journal of her experiences in India, that turning authoress meant losing caste and "putting yourself on a level with the plebeians."

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THERE are also being unearthed at intervals more serious works that might have been expected to see the light long ago. It will surprise most of us to learn that the Richard Baxter of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" was an ardent social reformer as well as pastor and theologian. The Manchester University Press has now issued, from a manuscript in the Rylands Library, hitherto unpublished, a treatise of his entitled "The Poor Husbandman's Advocate to Rich Racking Landlords, written in compassion especially of their sowles and of the Lord." In this book Baxter declares, with sledgehammer force, the "verities" of the small farmers whose economic oppression he had observed in country parishes.

It is perhaps even stranger that some of the work of quite recent authors should have waited for publication for several years after their death. S. R. Crockett died in 1914, but his "Rogues' Island," an exciting story somewhat after the manner of "The Raiders," is about to appear in print for the first time. We are to have also "From Man to Man," by Olive Schreiner, who died in 1920. This is the longest book she ever wrote, and is a study of two sisters whose lives are tragedies depicted with intensity and compassion. Sir H. Rider Haggard, who died last year, had completed an autobiography as long ago as 1911. Since that date it has been lying in a safe at the Longmans' office in Paternoster Row. It has been edited by his friend, C. J. Longman, and is to be issued in the Fall in two volumes under the title "The Days of My Life." Another posthumous work of A. C. Benson's is announced—a diary, edited by Percy Lubbock.

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TWO anthologies of an unusual type are just announced. Brimley Johnson has brought together in one volume what has been written about poetry by the poets themselves. "Honest Labor," by Dorothy Woolridge, will be "a collection of poems about work both of the hands and of the mind." . . . The ten volumes of the "Julian" Shelley are to be published at the rate of one volume about every six weeks. . . . Grant R. Francis is preparing a monograph on "Old English Drinking Glasses," with illustrations of 400 specimens. . . . At last South Africa claims to have produced a humorist—Leonard Fleming, whose "Fun on the Veld" will appear in the Fall. . . . "Ever since the war period," remarks The Glasgow Herald, "the dominant note of American fiction has been uneasiness under an apprehension of provincialism. Wherever one turns the constraint and shamefaced self-consciousness of the country cousin is inescapable." . . . Viscount Furneaux, the eighteen-year-old son of Lord Birkenhead, is making his début as a poet.

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Writers and Dictatorship in Spain

MADRID.

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ has gained immensely in popularity in literary circles in Spain in the last seven years.

We are frequently told in the United States that he has no standing at home. Isn't it Ernest Boyd who has said in his "Studies from Ten Literatures," that Blasco is not read by the respectable people of Spain? Certainly it is no longer true. The booksellers everywhere, especially in Madrid, and even in the most infrequently visited towns, say that the books of Blasco Ibáñez are the best sellers. No restriction has been placed on their sale. The King is very tolerant, very gentlemanly, and has himself openly expressed admiration for Blasco's literary works. Blasco Ibáñez is looked upon as a glory to Spain. Years hence monuments will be erected to his memory, his political ideals will be ignored, as in the case of Espronceda, Galdós, and many other Spanish authors who have cherished republican tendencies. His recent book "El Papa del Mar" (The Pope of the Sea, a historical study of the Pope Pedro de Luna), one of a cycle of novel-poems in honor of the great and glorious deeds of Spain, is given enthusiastic praise by the most esteemed reviewers, including E. Gómez de Baquero, who has recently been made a member of the Spanish Academy. He is one of the distinguished reviewers on the staff of El Sol.

Every copy of El Sol bears the legend at the head of the first page: "This number has been revised by the censor," but the censor does not prevent praise of the literary works of Blasco Ibáñez filling the first two and a half columns of the front page of a recent copy of the paper. This does not seem like iron-fisted dictatorship. Blasco's "Journey Around the World," in three volumes, replete with interest, is being read and commended by todo el mundo. His works are included in the list to be studied by foreign students taking the Summer course in Madrid, so surely it is safe to say that this prophet is not without honor in his own country. Some of our literary critics in the United States will be compelled to revamp their opinion of Blasco Ibáñez.

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EMILIO GASCO CONTELL, a young Valencian writer who is the editor-in-chief of the Franco Ibero-American publishing house in Paris, has issued a study of the life and works of Blasco Ibáñez. Gascó Contell is the author of studies of the productions of many of the writers who represent the new literature of Spain—Gómez de la Serna, Pérez de Ayala, Ramírez Angel, Fernández Flórez, Alvaro Retana, Caferino R. Avecilla, "El Caballero Audaz," Federico García Sanchíz, Pedro Mata, Hoyos y Vinent, Luis Araquistain, Francisco Camba and Alberto Insúa, but none of these will attain such popularity as his study of the life of Blasco Ibáñez, his fellow-townsman. Gascó Contell traces the life of Señor Blasco from childhood days in Valencia when he played in the old storerooms filled with antiquities and treasures of the past, as does Ulysses Ferragut in "Mare Nostrum," through the period of early youth until, at 16, he ran away to Madrid, and after weary walking of streets found employment and earned his first peseta as secretary to the novelist Fernández y González, through every notable event of Blasco's active career, to the later years in Paris when he had attained well-deserved fame, and been paid $200,000 for the film rights of the "Four Horsemen," and thence down to the publication of "El Papa del Mar," with a look toward the future in the titles of a half dozen more novels in preparation.

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CONCHA ESPINA'S novel, "Altar Mayor" (High Altar), is the newest book off the press. Beyond doubt it will greatly add to this author's popularity in Spain and in other Spanish-speaking countries. The scene of the story is laid at Covadonga, which, to the Spanish mind, is reminiscent of patriotic heroism and sacrifice, the High Altar of the patria, to which all Spain renders devotion. Thousands of families visit Covadonga each year to attend religious services in the great cathedral that is perched high on the mountainside, or in the chapel of Santa María in the cave. This is the very cave where, in 718, Pelayo, with only 300 Asturians, fought against, and, tradition says, annihilated 300,000 Moors, and turned back the Moslem horde with their star and crescent. The mountains of Asturias at Covadonga are looked

(Continued on Page 17)

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Santayana:
"He loves Catholicism as one may still long for the woman who has deceived him." (*page 540*)

Spinoza:
"Nietzsche says somewhere that the last Christian died upon the Cross. He had forgotten Spinoza." (*page 178*)

Nietzsche:
"Nietzsche was the child of Darwin and the brother of Bismarck." (*page 435*)

WILL DURANT

WILL DURANT was born in North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1885. He was educated by French Catholic nuns there and later by Jesuits in St. Peter's College, Jersey City, where he received a B. A. in 1907.

For a time he worked as reporter on The New York Evening Journal but found the life too fast for a philosopher and retired to the slower pace of professor of Latin, Greek, French, English and a few other languages at Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J. He entered the seminary there in 1909 but did not graduate.

In 1912 he toured Europe with Alden Freeman, and with the latter's aid took up graduate work in philosophy, biology and psychology at Columbia from 1913 to 1917, receiving a degree of Ph. D. there in 1917.

In 1921 Dr. Durant was made director of the Labor Temple School and organized one of the most successful of New York's experiments in adult education. The School gives annually some thirty courses in philosophy, psychology, biology, sociology, economics, history, literature, music, art, etcetera. It is through this long experience as an expositor of difficult subjects to lay audiences that Will Durant learned to make his own subject—philosophy—as interesting as drama while making no sacrifice of thoroughness or scholarship.

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by the public . . .

The public's praise of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY may be most simply stated by a listing of the printings of this book:

May 29th	First Printing
June 8th	Second Printing
June 17th	Third Printing
June 28th	Fourth Printing
July 9th	Fifth Printing
July 15th	Sixth Printing
July 22d	Seventh Printing
August 14th	Eighth Printing
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A total of 42,000 copies in 3 months.

Books and Authors

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"A Deputy Was King," G. B. Stern. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"The War God Walks Again," F. Britten Austin. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Valmouth," Ronald Firbank. (Brentano's.)

"And Then Came Spring," John Hargrave. (Century Co.)

"Love and Life," Helene Stöcker. (Thomas Seltzer.)

"Cordelia Chantrell," Meade Minnigerode. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

NON-FICTION.

"Man Is War," John Carter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Gautier and the Romantics," John Garber Palache. (Viking Press.)

"Darwin," Gamaliel Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

"George Washington: The Image and the Man," W. E. Woodward. (Boni & Liveright.)

"Social Theories of the Middle Ages: 1200-1500," Bede Jarrett. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood," Louis A. Warren. (Century Co.)

A SERIES of lectures delivered by William Allen White in April, 1925, at the University of North Carolina, under the auspices of the Weil Foundation, has been brought out in book form by the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C., under the title "Some Cycles of Cathay." These lectures trace the growth of democracy from the time of Christ to the present day.

D. Appleton & Co. have made an arrangement with Radio Station WRNY, New York City, by which they broadcast a weekly review of Appleton books every Wednesday morning at 11:30. The broadcasting is done from the Hotel Roosevelt. The books to be reviewed in this way on Aug. 25 are "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion," by Cleone Knox; "Mistress Nell Gwynn," by Marjorie Bowen; and "Cargoes and Harvests," by Donald Culross Peattie. In addition to describing the books, the broadcaster will give interesting information about their authors.

San Quentin prison is to have a class in novel and short-story writing, conducted by Sidney Herschel Small, newspaper man and author of three novels, "The Lord of Thundergate," "Fourscore" and "Both One." There are seventeen men in the prison who want to become writers. Well, here is a plot for the boys to start on: Poor young man with literary ambitions steals loaf of bread to keep from starving, is sent to prison, takes course in fiction writing, wins million-dollar prize (they're getting bigger every day, you know) for his first novel, is pardoned by Governor, marries Warden's daughter, and they live happily ever after.

Among the late August publications of D. Appleton & Co. will be "The Cowboy and His Interpreters," by Douglas Branch; "Ghost House," a mystery story by Foxhall Daingerfield; "The Gentle Art of Tramping," by Stephen Graham; "The Big Mogul," a story of a village despot, by Joseph C. Lincoln; "Constitutional Problems Under Lincoln," by James G. Randall, and "Snow and Steel," a collection of true war stories by Giovanni Sommi-Picenardi.

Although A. E. R. Craig, the author of "The Beloved Rajah," just published by Minton, Balch & Co., is an English author, the novel has its first publication in this country. Hodder & Stoughton have accepted it for publication in England next Spring. We are informed that the book had such a large advance sale that a second printing was necessary before publication.

The September announcements of the Yale University Press include two books of unusual historical interest. One is "Absalom Grimes: Confederate Mail Runner," edited from Captain Grimes's own story by Milo M. Quaife; and the other is "James Durand: An Able Seaman of 1812," edited by George S. Brooks. Captain Grimes was a Mississippi River pilot who, at the beginning of the Civil War, enrolled in one of the small irregular companies being raised to recruit the Confederate Army, the same company in which Mark Twain had his brief experience as a soldier. Later on Grimes became a mail runner, was repeatedly captured and twice sentenced to death as a spy. At the close of the war he was under sentence of death but was saved by the personal intervention of President Lincoln. James Durand was a sailor of the frigate Constitution (Old Ironsides) and was later impressed into the British Navy, where he was held for more than seven years of "detestable bondage."

The first six British poets represented in the Frederick A. Stokes Company's new series of "Augustan Books of Poetry" are Percy Bysshe Shelley, G. K. Chesterton, John Keats, Robert Bridges, Rabindranath Tagore and Hilaire Belloc. These reprints in pamphlet form will retail at twenty-five cents each. A similar series of reprints, except that the poets represented are American, is announced by Simon & Schuster under the title "Pamphlet Poets." The first six poets represented in this series will be Carl Sandburg, Elinor Wylie, Nathalia Crane, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe and Ralph Waldo Emerson. These, too, are twenty-five-cent reprints.

A late September publication of the Century Company will be "Bill Nye: His Own Life Story," continuity by Frank Wilson Nye. The material for this book has been selected from the humorist's own letters and other documents and arranged to form a continuous narrative. The volume is illustrated with half-tones and caricatures by Fred Opper, Walt McDougall, Zimmerman and others.

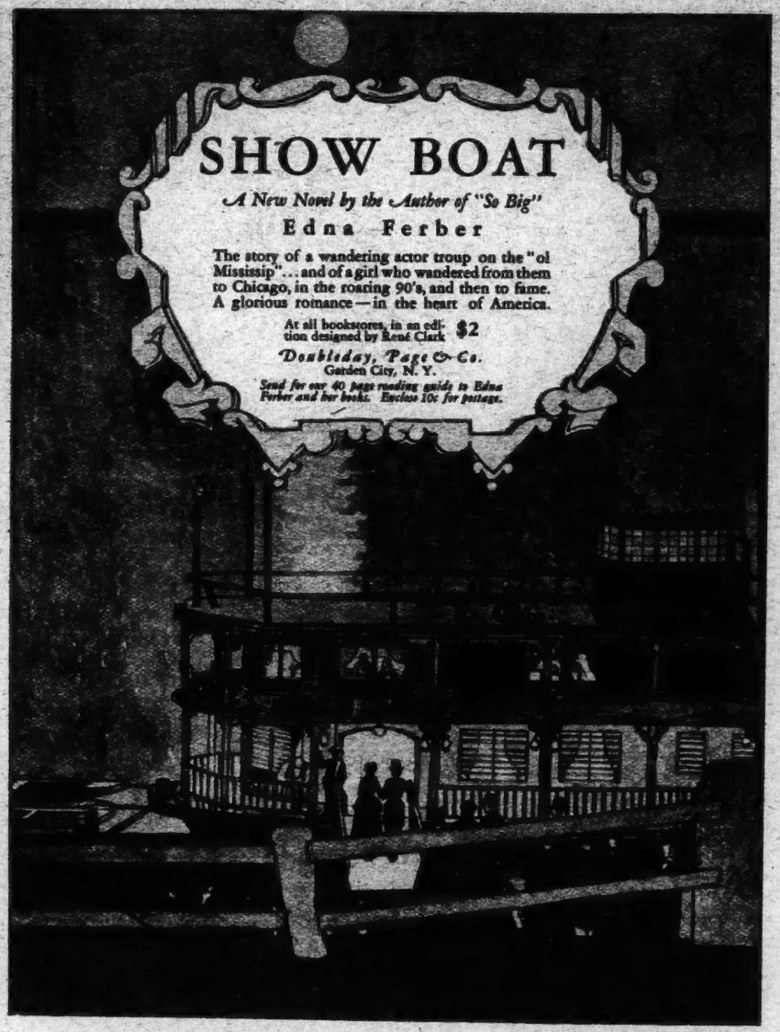
Mrs. Grace P. T. Knudson, proprietor of The Torii Shop at Castine, Mass., has written a book on "Gift and Art Shop Merchandising," which is announced by Little, Brown & Co. Now if some one would only write a book telling a chap how to get out of one of those shops without going broke—but what's the use? It can't be done.

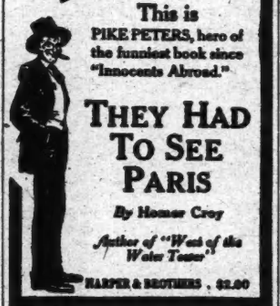
A new play, "Success," by A. A. Milne, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons for publication in September. This is Mr. Milne's first play in two years and the first of his dramatic works to appear in book form before being produced on the stage. The Putnams are also bringing out a new edition of Milne's "Once on a Time," with decorations by Charles Robinson.

Professor John Erskine of Columbia University is dramatizing his novel, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), for production by Winthrop Ames, with Ethel Barrymore in the title rôle. The novel is now being published in Germany by the Kurt Wolf Verlag of Munich. Next thing you know Helen will be in the movies. It ought to be easy enough to fix it up so it will pass the censors. Just make Meleaus Helen's father instead of her husband. Then the episode with Paris would be just an ordinary elopement.

Sir Rider Haggard's autobiography, "The Days of My Life," in two volumes, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. for publication in October. The work was completed in 1911, but at the wish of the author it has been held since then at the London office of Longmans, Green & Co. Sir Rider Haggard chose his friend, Charles Longman, to edit the work. The autobiography covers the first fifty-five years of the author's life and gives a full account of his early days in South Africa and the Boer War, of how he came to write his novels, "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," &c., and of his friendship with many distinguished people.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they have received from E. Barrington the manuscript of a novel on Cleopatra to be entitled "The Laughing Queen." There is another Barrington novel coming, "The Great Thunderer," dealing with Napoleon. This author's most recently published novel, "The Exquisite Perdita," is doing as well as could be expected, which is very well indeed.





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Latest Works Of Fiction

(Continued from Page 7)

toward that state of active piety which he is half-heartedly to resist throughout the novel until he is ready to emerge at the end, a full-fledged leader of Y. M. C. A. prayer meetings.

Leif foreshadows his own end as he stands upon the pleasant coast of Vineland. He and his followers have spent the first Winter of white, Nordic settlers upon the soil of the New World. They are about to return to Greenland, to report their findings to Leif's father, Eric the Red. Mrs. Hough, incidentally, assures the reader that Eric was given his nickname, not because of the color of his hair, but because of his rosy cheeks. The longboat, then, is waiting to take them back to rosy-cheeked Eric. A terrific storm on the voyage of discovery came near meaning the last of the Norsemen. Leif is therefore in favor of a religious ceremony. But he is shy and sheepish about broaching the matter to his companions. When they laugh at him, as he had feared, he pleads with them earnestly: "Fellows, I mean it."

Mrs. Hough treats Leif indulgently when he expends so much eloquence there in Vineland, later to be New England, in behalf of a pagan ritual. Better, she seems to say, to offer sacrifice to the pagan god of winds than to sail with no propitiation of superhuman powers whatever, in foolhardy reliance upon merely human strength and "man-made might." It is in Greenland that the confused but inexorable workings of Mrs. Hough's designs upon the person and integrity of Leif begin to transpire. Leif is to be taught the material advantages of professing the new faith. He is to be convinced of his own sinfulness.

Leif is in love with Gudrid, the belle of Greenland. His elder brother, Thorwald, is also desirous of Gudrid. Leif has won her, as he wins everything, when a boat comes in from Iceland with Brenda, the Celtic maid, as one of the passengers. Brenda has a small son which she claims is Leif's. By way of answering, Leif sneaks away before dawn on his voyage of discovery to Vineland. On his return he sees Gudrid married to Thorwald, but, as if in answer to his prayer to the White Christ, Gudrid's father becomes paralyzed in time to prevent her sailing with Thorwald. Leif is confident in the promise of the White Christ that Thorwald shall not have her. The Indians kill Thorwald in Vineland. Eric is dead. His sister and her husband, Leif's closest friend, are both dead. Still Gudrid will not have him. When she marries another man Leif attempts to poison him. Brenda intercepts the ale and is likely to die. She recovers in time. Leif discovers that he has loved Brenda all along at the same time that he learns the true meaning of the White Christ. All is, therefore, well. Mrs. Hough's language is full of stilted indirections and inversions and meaningless rhetorical flourishes. It is amazing to find such a subject as the Vikings capable of inducing so flabby and thin a story.

LETHAL RAYS

DEATH AT SWAYTHLING COURT. By J. J. Connington. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $2.

THIS is a crime story which is complicated enough to baffle the average reader and exciting enough to keep him turning the pages.

Mr. Hubbard, a blackmailer, wholesale perfumer, collector of butterflies, and also an extremely unpleasant fellow, is found murdered in the fourth chapter. A Coroner's jury turns in the verdict of suicide, but this is convincing to nobody. The reader is led to suspect two persons. One of these is young Jimmy Leigh, the inventor of a supposed "Lethal Ray," who is said to be one of Hubbard's victims. The second is Thomas Leake, the butler of the dead man. Shortly after the murder Jimmy Leigh disappeared. Consequently when Colonel Sanderstead, who is conducting an unofficial investigation with the idea of steering discovery away from any friend of his who might be involved, finds the dial of the Lethal Ray apparatus in Leigh's laboratory pointed toward Hubbard's window one jumps to an inevitable but erroneous conclusion.

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Brief Reviews

OLD CALIFORNIA CHURCHES

THE OLD MISSION CHURCHES AND HISTORIC HOUSES OF CALIFORNIA: Their History, Architecture, Art and Lore. By Rexford Newcomb. Illustrated. 279 pp. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company. $15.

THERE has been much casual writing about the old mission churches of California, but this very handsome, small quarto volume by Rexford Newcomb, who is Professor of the History of Architecture in the University of Illinois, is the first to go into the subject so carefully and extensively as to make it valuable for students of architecture as well as interesting for the general reader. It is the product of many years of study—thirteen of research and six of field work in California. The author first prepares the setting—geographical, historical, sociological—by means of several chapters, written with accurate knowledge and graphic effect, which describe the explorations of the Pacific Coast by the Spanish in the eighteenth century, the establishing of the missions and the conditions of life among both natives and newcomers. Then he describes the materials and methods used in the construction of missions, churches and homes, and follows this with detailed accounts of the construction and history of more than a score of mission churches. One section is devoted to the historic houses, dating back to the Spanish days and still standing, in San Diego, Santa Barbara and Monterey, with an especially interesting chapter on the famous Rancho Camulos, the home of "Ramona," as an example of the country life of the Spanish period.

Professor Newcomb is a warm admirer of the Spanish-colonial architecture which has been evolved on the Pacific Coast from the early types, and thinks that it would be appropriately used with admirable effect in all those warm and sunny regions of our land that once were part of the Spanish domain—Florida, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, as well as California. His final chapter discusses and makes recommendations concerning this modern Hispanic architecture. California, he says, has largely forsaken the Anglo-Saxon forms "in favor of the more appropriate, and therefore beautiful and significant, forms of her Hispanic past, and in so doing she is making for herself adequate, appropriate, indigenous and beautiful architectural expression."

The very beautiful format and illustrations of the volume deserve mention. There is a frontispiece in colors from a painting by Edward Stratton Holloway, and among the two hundred and more illustrations and drawings are many artistic full-page plates.

MIDDLE AGE

OUTWITTING MIDDLE AGE. By Carl Ramus. 209 pp. New York: The Century Company. $2.

A GLOWING optimism permeates and radiates from every page of this book by Dr. Carl Ramus, who is a surgeon in the United States Public Health Service. One cannot but admire its gallant defiance of age and death, even if one may have some doubts as to the ability of the author to make good on his challenge. For his title does not nearly indicate the extent to which he seems to believe it is possible to outwit, postpone and even prevent those developments in the human body that gradually wear it out and end in senility and death. One may take with a grain of salt, however, his more enthusiastic arguments and conclusions while recognizing the value of those of his statements which have the sanction of scientific knowledge and of demonstrated, or probable, truth. There is a great deal in it of interest for any man or woman who is nearing the forties, almost as much for any one who is still older, and something even, if only encouragemnt, for those who have passed the Psalmist's limit.

Dr. Ramus declares, with emphasis, that "Aging is a chronic disease, and its cause a combination of bad habits," and from his investigation into the how and the why of senescence he makes the "logical deduction" that if we protect our bodies

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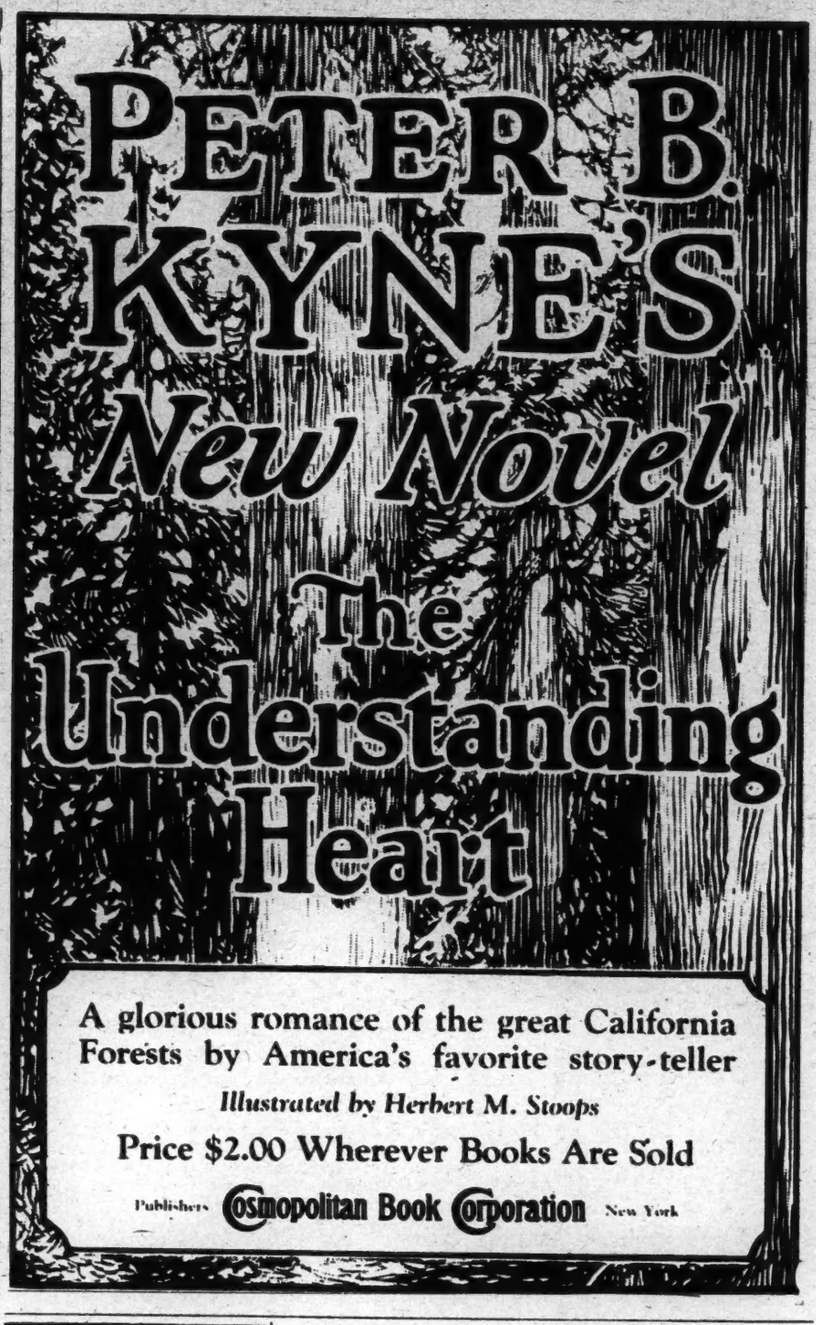

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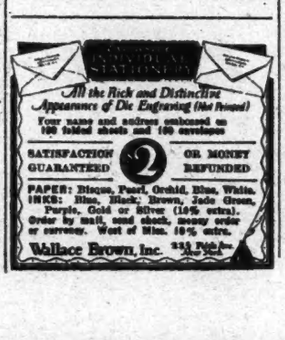

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Preceding Page)

"from accidents, chronic infections, constipation and other physical errors of living and from habitual morbid emotional moods and negative beliefs, our bodies would not grow old." He comes to this formal and definite conclusion at the end of the book, although all through it he has said the same thing in varied ways many times after he has inquired into and set forth the bodily conditions and processes and the environmental conditions that conduce to bodily failure, the surgical, psychological and physical methods by which scientists are endeavoring to cure and to prevent senescence, and his reasons for thinking that the effort can be successful.

There are chapters which deal with the glandular secretions and their influence on the prevention of the aging process, with historical cases of great longevity, of which he describes many, and with matters of special interest to women. One chapter considers the influence of various drugs in the conducing to and the prevention of senescence and puts alcohol and tobacco among those which hasten the process. The author thinks that the action of tobacco in accelerating senility is especially evident among women.

The whole matter of the sure postponing of middle age by many years and the possible prevention of senescence Dr. Ramus considers quite simple. It is necessary only to take proper care of the body as to food, drink, elimination and exercise, for all of which he gives ample advice, and to maintain a mental attitude of complete and confident denial of and disbelief in the necessity of becoming old. This mental attitude, conscious at first and made a part of the subconsciousness as quickly as possible, he considers of the highest importance and devotes to it many pages. As a whole, anybody past thirty will find the book well worth while, for it is stimulating, suggestive, a wholesome alterative to habits of thought that are practically universal. It is written with a buoyant confidence in its thesis that bespeaks the author's entire seriousness and conviction.

THE OPIUM PROBLEM

OPIUM: THE DEMON FLOWER. By Sara Graham-Mulhall. 310 pp. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.50.

THERE is probably no serious evil and menace concerning which the general public indifference and apathy are greater and more deplorable than the matter of opium and its derivative drugs, with which this volume is concerned. The Opium Conference called by the League of Nations has brought the subject into the light of newspaper publicity and the vigorous stand taken therein by the American delegation has served to awaken American interest in a slight degree. Such a book as this by Mrs. Sara Graham-Mulhall ought to do much, now that the way has been somewhat cleared for it, in arousing public indignation. For it reveals such conditions and such responsibility for them, not only in other countries but in our own as well, as ought to stir to shame, remorse and action any but a hopelessly inert nation. Mrs. Graham-Mulhall writes with very considerable authority, for she has given to the question years of study, investigation and service. It was because of her interest, service and knowledge that Governor Smith appointed her in 1919 First Deputy Commissioner of Narcotic Drug Control for the State, her district comprising Greater New York and nearby counties. Therein she labored with zeal and much increase of her own knowledge for two years, until the law for narcotic drug control was repealed for purposes of economy on the recommendation of Governor Miller.

The book is remarkably comprehensive. The author has succeeded in condensing into its pages discussion, facts and argument of all phases of this varied question, from the addiction and fate of the victims of the drug peddler to the operations of huge opium rings and the sins of Governments that do not hesitate to blast millions of lives for the sake of revenue. She makes very clear what all who have studied the question have long believed, that, as long as such vast quantities of money can be made out of the growing of the opium poppy and the making and sale of its derivative drugs, drug addiction will become more and more of a world menace.

(Continued on Page 17)

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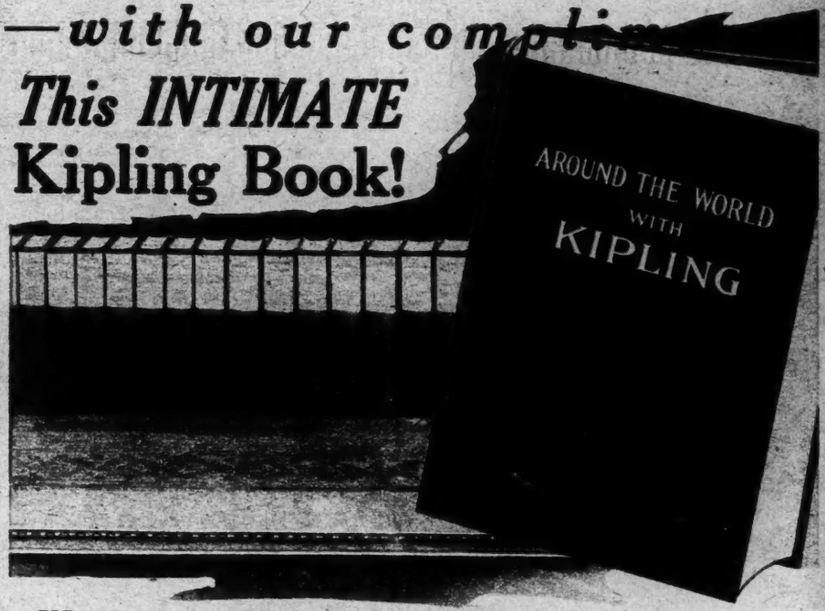

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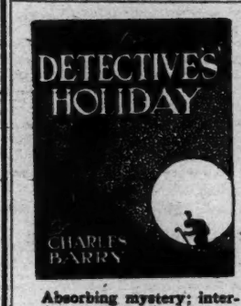

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College Democracy

(Continued from Page 1)

form. The "power of direction" in our colleges has shifted from the campus to "the great financial centres," he maintains. The governing boards, he points out, are not composed of educational experts, but of business men. He quotes Scott Nearing's occupational survey of regents and trustees which showed only 125 educators out of 2,470 of them. "As a class," he argues, such people are "not fitted by temperament or experience for the task given them." The notion that the average business man trustee "will be more competent, returning for an hour or two from his city office as a chief director of his Alma Mater, than his classmate who has spent several years in graduate work and a quarter of a century in residence as a teacher and an administrator in minor affairs, is one of those curious conceits which survive and give grounds for the pessimist's faith in the general stupidity of humanity."

The college President Dr. Kirkpatrick pictures as a powerful and dangerous, but really a rather pathetic, figure—a disagreeable necessity of the present system of government. "If the big man of the academic holding company did not find the American college president at hand he would at once make him. He must have him in his business."

But the American college presidency is "an office for the superman," Dr. Kirkpatrick maintains. "Having made their president, the trustees must leave him to himself. They cannot interfere with him, since he is the expert in the business to be conducted, and they are the novices." The result is a concentration of power and responsibilities "too great to be borne safely by any one man." Apart from rare decisions of major policy made by the trustees, the president usually "is the college"—"to him all of the glory is accorded," but also "on him falls all the criticism." If the office demands a superman, says Dr. Kirkpatrick, "it does in fact, and in an ever increasing number of instances, secure the mediocre man." Either the exceptional candidate will be objected to by "one or another of the groups to be conciliated," or else he refuses the election.

Beside a picture of American college government today Dr. Kirkpatrick hangs one of what it used to be and what it is now in other countries. Trustees and presidents are conspicuous for their absence. Harvard began as a "toutors' college" and William and Mary as a professors'—Faculty governed at the start. Oberlin back in 1835 gave the Faculty control over "all matters of internal administration," and Thomas Jefferson gave the teaching staff of his University of Virginia corporate representation. Self-government by the college community was and is still the English and European tradition. That example is followed in South American colleges.

While Dr. Kirkpatrick deplores the present system of government in the American college he does not deny its usefulness. The creation of the most enormous educational system in the world out of nothing in a little over a hundred years, he argues in effect, called for just those qualities of the promoter and organizer which are so well represented by presidents and trustees. But he suggests that what one age may demand another may reject.

As to what the new régime specifically will be, Dr. Kirkpatrick is disarmingly undogmatic. Ultimately he agrees with Alexander Meiklejohn that "the ideal college can include only teacher and student"; but he suggests certain first steps in that direction for immediate consideration. Among them are a decentralization of the presidency by the creation of a commission form of government—a dual executive which includes a business and an academic representation; responsibility of the academic representative, not to the trustees, but to the "several academic groups"; and the dilution of the governing boards with representatives of the college community. Some progress in this direction Dr. Kirkpatrick shows has already been made in such long-established institutions as Vassar and the Union Theological Seminary and in new schools such as Brookwood Labor College, Antioch and Commonwealth College.

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Writers in Spain

(Continued from Page 10)

upon as the temple of the Spanish race. Every peak, every nook and gorge, has its legend recalling those early centuries, and the founding of the monarchy, so that the region has become known as "the cradle of Spain." Concha Espina's story is concerned with the affairs of modern life, with opposing feminine types, and the struggle of spontaneous love against the traditional union of the offspring of powerful families in a continuation of that time-worn device for perpetuating the power and combining the wealth of ruling houses. With the increasing independence of women, when they find ways and means even in Spain to earn their living outside the home, marriages of convenience are more difficult to bring off. In "Altar Mayor" the heroine Teresa makes an honorable livelihood by working in the jewelry store of the hotel at Covadonga. Javier de la Escosura, the weakling product of titled and indulgent parents, is a character familiar to readers of Spanish literature.

The type has been depicted by Miguel de Unamuno in his novel "Paz en la Guerra," by Gregorio Martinez Sierra in "Tú Eres la Paz," by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez in "The Torrent" and in "The Dead Command," by Benito Pérez Galdós in "Doña Perfecta," by so many Spanish authors, indeed, that one feels that it must be truly representative. These sons of wealthy families have been supplied by their parents with money which they do not know how to earn, gratified in every wish throughout their lives, until the question of marriage is faced. Then the parents are obdurate. The Spanish mothers are represented as inflexible in their determination that the noble lineage shall be carried forward. The sons appear as utterly spineless nonentities, mere babes in long trousers, puppets who inevitably must yield in the struggle between the impulses of the heart and the determination to strengthen the old families by combining their fortunes.

These conflicts, of such frequent occurrence in the lives of the Spanish aristocracy, taking place at Covadonga, result in making "Altar Mayor" a novel that could have been written nowhere except in Spain, as Spanish as "Sangre y Arena."

FRANCES DOUGLAS.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 15)

Governments gain huge revenues from the poppy, millions upon millions of dollars are piled up by manufacturers of and dealers in the derived drugs, smugglers find them an easy source of much money, huge international rings and smaller combines make quick fortunes by illicit operations, unscrupulous trafficking druggists and doctors and drug peddlers find it easier to get thousands of dollars in these ways than a few dollars by legitimate work. Mrs. Graham-Mulhall lays bare the share that each one of these factors has in the dreadful problem of drug addiction and comes to the conclusion that world safety is to be found only in world elimination of the poppy, except for strictly medical purposes.

For American readers the most important chapter is that which sets forth, without any mincing of words, the shameful share this country takes in the drug traffic. With an official position that is spotless with regard to ŏpium both at home and abroad, America is probably the largest manufacturer in the world of narcotic drugs and it ships these for addiction purposes all over the world. Japan also, says Mrs. Graham-Mulhall, has set up a double standard, and, while refusing to tolerate, even for purposes of revenue, the use of habit-forming drugs anywhere under her flag, looks complacently upon the Japanese brokers who are the world's largest traders in raw opium and upon her increasing industry in the manufacture of opium derivatives.

The book presents so clearly and cogently all phases of the drug problem and the author writes with such comprehensive knowledge and, considering her keen interest, such temperate statement, that it deserves wide attention.

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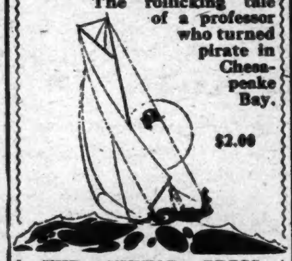

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Current Magazines

CURRENT HISTORY for September opens with an article by V. Blasco Ibáñez, the Spanish novelist and publicist, written in reply to an article contributed by General Primo de Rivera, Spanish Premier, to the March issue of Current History. The Ibáñez article bears the title "Blasco Ibáñez Violently Attacks Spanish Dictatorship," and the title is fully justified, for Señor Ibáñez characterizes the present Spanish Government as "a capricious military dictatorship, which exercises its authority as it is guided by its whims, and only thinks of government according to law when the law happens to agree with its own selfish aims." He accuses General de Rivera of deliberate falsehood, of muzzling the press, of wrecking the finances of his country, of maintaining an army which has more officers than the combined armies of the Allies during the World War—in short, of exploiting his country for the benefit of himself and his friends. After summarizing the present state of affairs in Spain, Señor Ibáñez concludes his article as follows:

> As long as I see the present situation continuing in Spain I tremble for the future of my country under the terrible and grotesque tyranny of Primo de Rivera and the apparent subservience of Alfonso XIII, who seems to be in league with a dictator whom it has until now been impossible to overthrow.
>
> No country can put up with this carnival of lies very long—lies told cynically with the assurance that no one can refute them—continual robbery, an interminable war abhorrent to a large majority of Spaniards, which will finally consume all their resources. Such was the state of affairs in Russia under the rule of the Czars.
>
> If these abnormal conditions continue much longer, then some day, when they come to an end, the republic will be a much-delayed solution, and my poor country will meet with the same chaotic cataclysm that struck down Russia.

This article is followed by "Morocco a Danger Spot in World Politics," by Pierre Crabites, a Judge of the Egyptian Mixed Tribunals, representing the United States. As the Moroccan situation is inextricably mixed up with Spanish politics, it is natural that the author should have something to say about both General de Rivera and Blasco Ibáñez, neither of whom fares particularly well at his hands. Charles W. Hackett, Professor of Latin-American History in the University of Texas, discusses "The Church and State Conflict in Mexico," giving an admirable summary of what has happened and writing without any apparent bias. Other articles in this issue are "Mexico Seeking Central American Leadership," by Carleton Beals; "Asia Seething With Political Change," by Sir Frederick White; "The National Political Situation," by Bruce Bliven; "Los Angeles as an American Art Centre," by Edgar Lloyd Hampton; "China's Relations to the Great Powers," by Harold S. Quigley; "Canton's Contribution to the Chinese Revolution," by John C. Griggs; "Hungary's Escape From Financial Disaster," by T. J. C. Martyn; "Eugenics Teaching Imperils Civilization," by J. B. Eggen; "Curbing Crime by Scientific Methods," by Winthrop D. Lane; "The Anti-Evolution Campaign in America," by Harbor Allen; "The American Negro Evolving a New Physical Type," by Melville J. Herskovitz; "Negro Labor's Quarrel With White Workingmen," by Abram L. Harris; "European Militarism in a New Phase," by Wayne E. Stevens; "Moltke, the Man Who Made the War," by Richard Greiling; "The Steel Corporation's Twenty-five-Year Record," by J. George Frederick; "Improved Insulin as a Cure for Diabetes," by Watson Davis, and the regular departments, including the "Historians' Chronicle of the World."

The magazine Asia for September contains "Pacific Airways," by Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Frost and George Marvin; "The Light of Asia'," the story of how the film bearing that title was made, by Himansu Rai; "With the Kingliest King in Arabia," second instalment, by Ameen Rihani; "Chocolate. A Story," first instalment, by A. Tarasov-Rodionov, translated from the Russian by William Henry Chamberlin and Sonya Chamberlin; "Four-Footed Tunis," etchings by Thomas Handforth; "Sand," fifth instalment, by Angus Buchanan; "Rubbing Elbows With the World," second instalment, by Elizabeth Dunbar; and "Trusteeship or Exploitation," a discussion of Near-Eastern problems by Elizabeth P. MacCallum and Edward Mead Earl. The closing paragraph of this last article deals with the attitude of the United States.

> It would be futile to deny that the policy of the Government of the United States as regards the mandates arouses considerable opposition in France and Great Britain. To the unsophisticated man on the street it appears that in this, as in other international questions, United States talks much of its rights and little of its responsibilities. But there are many Americans who believe, honestly enough, that we have forsaken a trust in leaving the Arabs to European imperialism and the Armenians to the tender mercies of the Turks. To this, reply will be made that there are too many unsolved problems of American liberalism to permit us to open the Pandora's box of political troubles commonly called the Near Eastern question; that instead of our triumph over an old-style imperialism, there would be the triumph of an old-style imperialism over us. This, to quote a recent writer, is the choice between honorable uncertainty and uncertain honor. Who could make the choice with full confidence that the result would be what he hoped?

Under the classification "Literary Hors d'Oeuvres," in Vanity Fair's table of contents, one can usually depend upon finding at least one amusing feature. In the September number there is, for example, Corey Ford's "Ready-Made College Types," a humorous skit in which a father and mother are represented as shopping for a college for their son. The salesman shows them living models representing types of students in our leading institutions of learning. They are, we fervently hope, gross caricatures; but they are screamingly funny. None of them pleases the shoppers, however, and at last the salesman shows them still another.

> "Is this what you are thinking of, by any chance?" asked the salesman suddenly; and all at once he produced a figure resembling all the other men, yet somehow exaggerating them all. He wore Oxford bags, a white turtle-neck sweater and a prominent letter, a huge pipe with silver numerals and a varsity hat with insignia; and in his hand he held a foaming beer mug, which he waved aloft as he sang a college song. Mr. Minnerly's eyes widened with pleasure and astonishment
>
> "That's it," he yelled with delight. "That's my idea to a 'T.' Where did you find him?"
>
> "I cut him out of a newspaper," confessed the salesman modestly. "He is a comic-strip college boy."

Other "Literary Hors d'Oeuvres" in this issue are "Vive la Folie!" by E. E. Cummings; "If I Owned the Paper," by Alexander Woollcott; "How to Hire an Actor," by Leslie Howard; "Chinese Phantoms," by Paul Morand, and "And Years Passed," by Maddy Vegtel. But not all the good things are listed under this classification. Under "Satirical Sketches" we find "Terrors of Turkish Bathing," by George Luks; "La-dees and Gennlemen, Step Up! ! !" by Covarrubias, and "All Around the World with Assorted Americans," by Fish. Some of the other features are "The Developing Art," by Donald Freeman; "The South," by Sherwood Anderson; "Are Children People?" by Elizabeth Benson; "California Rhapsody," by Aldous Huxley; "The Citizen King" (Stanley Baldwin), by Philip Guedalla; "Seeing Life in Unexpected Places," describing the discoveries and experiments of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, who proves that plants and even metals have human traits, by Aldous Huxley; "Recent Poems of Love and Sorrow," by Theodore Dreiser, and "A Portrait," verse, by Dorothy Parker.

An early September publication of the International Publishers will be "Women Workers and the Trade Unions," by Theresa Wolfson. The author, who is active in educational work of trade unions, discusses the permanency of women as a wage-earning group, their racial and cultural background, the nature of their tasks and the official policy of the trade unions in regard to them as members.

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Notes on Rare Books

IT seems hardly necessary at this late date to defend the pastime of collecting rare books or to inquire into its rationality. It is an avocation which has its roots in antiquity and it has engaged the serious interest of all manner of men and women. Artists and artisans, merchants and clerks, authors and scribblers, students and stenographers, "speculators" and thieves subscribe to this amiable hobby. Their reasons for thus engaging their leisure are as various as the kinds of collectors themselves. The chief of them appears to be intelligent and sound: the desire to recapture as far as possible the actual first-hand evidences of the productions of a favorite author or a period. This seems to be the root of the matter, but there are numerous variations on the theme.

Those who can "see nothing" in first editions are not to be converted to the hobby. There is simply that essential quality lacking in them which makes great collectors, and which may not be easily acquired. To say that they cannot understand such impulses does not, of course, imply any demerit in collecting itself. The attitude of rejection by these critics may be merely an admission of a lack in themselves, and it does not invalidate whatever virtue there is in gathering a library of old books or first editions. This, naturally, is an opinion to which the opponents of book collecting are very unwilling to subscribe.

There has been called to our attention a little article, unwittingly amusing, on "Book-Galleries and Book-Shops," which appeared recently in a journal popular with the mildly radical. The writer of this essay, which freely advertised an old New York book-house (which has a department devoted to the sale of first editions) remarks that "First editions are * * * profoundly boring to people genuinely interested in literature." * * * Such a statement challenges memory and invites reminiscences of certain famous collectors of books in first editions. The late Amy Lowell was a passionate devotee of the game; Anatole France carried on the traditions of the bibliophiles; Pierre Louys acquired a most entertaining library of first editions; Sir Edmund Gosse and Mr. T. J. Wise "collect"; no one "genuinely interested in literature" could have failed to covet and respect the libraries of H. Buxton Forman or Locker-Lampson, and in the history of book-collectors appear such distinguished names as J. R. Lowell and William Beckford.

These references could be considerably multiplied, but it is needless to do so. The collecting of first editions has been attacked before; the collecting goes on. Each of the amenities which man uses as an escape from the harsher things in life has had its opponents; some book-collectors, for instance, cannot understand why any intelligent people should be engaged in gathering glass, pipes, stamps, prints, jewels, and whatnots.

Apropos of all this we recently came across a little poem on first editions which appears to be the first publication on the subject. If any reader is familiar with an earlier one we should be glad to have it for use in this column. This trifle first appeared in "Songs of the Press" (collected by the friendly and garrulous Timperley), which was printed in London, 1845. Its author, John Ellis, was a scrivener and political writer (1608-1790). He began his career as a clerk or apprentice to a John Taverner, to whose business he succeeded with Taverner's son. In his leisure hours he made translations from Latin, or produced works of his own, none of which, however, he felt inclined to publish. Johnson once said of him, to the ubiquitous Boswell:

"It is wonderful, sir, what is to be found in London. The most literary conversation that I ever enjoyed was at the table of Jack Ellis, a money-scrivener behind the Royal Exchange, with whom I used to dine generally once a week."

Ellis's poem follows:

ON THE FIRST EDITION OF BOOKS

Books unto virgins I compare,
Who at the first but slender are,
But yet more uncorrupt for far
Than when they grow much bulkier.
The water's sovereign at the spring,
The spreading rivers want the thing.
1740.

For the "discovery" of Ellis's poems we are indebted to a man well known to the collecting fraternity, but whose lack of personal desire for first editions does not debar him from an appreciation of their charm for others. In an amiable hour spent with him he produced, among other diversions, the Ellis poem, and the following letter of Bliss Carman, addressed to Mr. F. M. Hopkins [of the Marion Press] which has never been published. This will be of interest here, and it appeals to us as having a rare merit: it should give comfort to those who collect first editions, and those who are congenitally unable to do so.

My dear Sir:

Book-loving is a malady like any other kind of loving. And, like all maladies, it is apt to rage with intermittent fury over a continent. No age is exempt from it, though it is apt to be most virulent between 17 and 25. If a man reaches the latter age safely he may very possibly have only a few passing symptoms of the disease. If it continues without abatement until past 30 it is nearly always fatal. The patient's only hope of recovery is a few years' residence in one of our great centres of civilization, like New York or Chicago.

The love of first editions, however, is a very much more serious matter. It is a chronic disease, and once contracted can never be shaken off, but drives its poor victim to a haunted and often unholy death. It is a sort of jaundice of taste, a paresis of appreciation. Its terrible signs are only too well known. And I count that man happy who can pass a second-hand book shop or a gorgeous palace of seduction like Charles Scribner's, without a twinge and with his full forty years on his shoulders. Listen to me! If you want to despoil your manhood of its last traces of perishing freedom, just subject it to the libro-malarial influences of some fine old bookwormery like Boston. The attack will be insidious and almost painless at first. But it will grow. You will never recover.

I contracted my own case there. Thank Heaven, it is very mild as yet; but I can see it looming up in the future to destroy my intellect and overthrow all my fortunes.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, if I remember right, in speaking of Matthew Arnold, said that he was peculiarly free from this sort of thing. He liked all good things to be common and widespread. The best was good enough for him. He could not understand why any of his own first editions should bring fabulous prices. Now that is just the way I feel. "The best is good enough for me." I care nothing at all for first editions of Poe or Hawthorne or any of the rare treasures. If I had them I would part with them tomorrow for a cold bottle and a small bird. And I would rather have my own fat, red, worn, marked, stained, weathered edition of Emerson's Essays (two volumes in one, printed by Macmillan in 1882 or 1883) than all the first editions that ever came out of Concord. It is my book, soiled by my own hands and soaked in my own canoe, and read a June morning in my own tent.

And then I have no foolish delusions about my own squitterings. I would rather see my own books (if I had more than one) in the second edition than the first, or in the seventh or the seventeenth or the any-eth edition, so long as the plates would hang together and look like print at all.

"I like good things to be common and widespread."

And yet there are some first editions that I care for—the works of my friends, the young fellows, books I have helped to discover, or have at least discovered for myself before their authors became known, and even books that will never be widely appreciated.

Books like "Pierre and His People," "A Roadside Harp," the Van Bibber Stories, "The Bird-Bride," by Graham R. Tomson; Miss Gertrude Hall's verses, Mr. Davidson's "Ballads and Songs" and that incomparable book of short stories by Q, "Naughts and Crosses" (if I could only get hold of it)—these are all dear to my deluded soul. It pleases my vanity to treasure a book like "Lyrics and Ballads," by Mrs. Woods (Bentley, 1890), because it seems to me full of good poetry and has never been widely known. It makes me feel like a scornful superior critic to own it and to read it to my suffering friends. And then there is always the added virtue in first editions of this kind, one can always get duplicates of them to give away. It is a much more refined form of mental decrepitude, this, to cherish what is accounted of little value. The great and costly delights of the common bibliophile are gross and philistine in comparison with this intimate personal weakness. Do you not agree with me? Faithfully yours,

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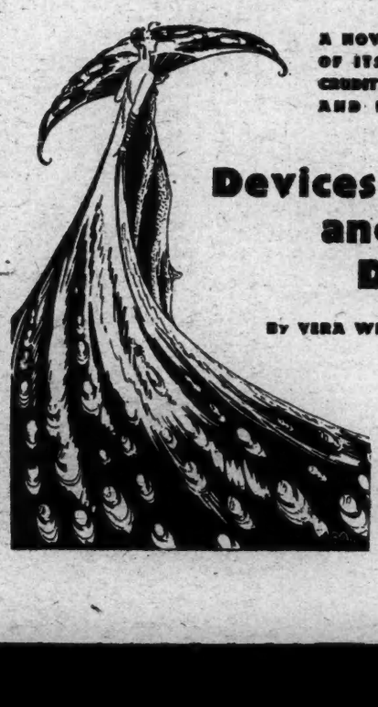

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This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. *They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.*

QUERIES

"Childhood Days"

G. J. G.—I have been trying to find the rest of the poem, a part of which is quoted below. Perhaps some of your readers can help me?

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Childhood days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago.
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's glow.
Days that knew no shade of sorrow
In my young heart pure and free,
With no thought for the coming
morrow * * *

"Mound in Sweet Auburn"

B. R. S.—Who wrote the following lines, and where can I find the rest of the poem:

I remember that mound in sweet
Auburn,
How the flakes stood folding it
gently
As did babes in the wood.

"Solitude"

A. B. C.—The following lines were worked on a sampler by my grandmother. I should like very much to learn the name of the author.

SOLITUDE.

Religious force divine is but displayed
In deep desertion of all human aid.
To succor in extremes is her delight
And cheer the heart when terror
strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses,
gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart
can raise
To triumph in misfortune, smile in
grief
And comfort those who came to bring
relief.
We gaze, and as we gaze, wealth,
fame, decay;
And all the world's vain glories fade
away.

"Peace"

G. F.—Where can I find a poem entitled "Peace," which begins:

Hushed is the rolling drum; the bugle
breathes but an echo of its
martial blast.

I believe it was written after the close of the Civil War.

"Complete Trust"

F. W. H.—In one of his sermons the Rev. Frederick W. Robinson, the noted English preacher, quotes as follows:

It ever was my way, and shall be
still, when I do trust a man to trust
him wholly.

Can you give me any clue as to the author of the quotation?

"Maid Marian"

J. G. P.—Could you find for me that wonderful little poem of Nora Hopper's "Robin Hood's Good-Night to Maid Marian"? It begins:

Good night, good night, Heart's dearest;
The Hunter holds the sky.
There wakes no soul in Sherwood
Save Little John and I.

"Politics"

S. P. V.—Can any of your readers help me locate a poem entitled "Politics," which appeared some years ago in The Ledger, a Philadelphia paper? I shall be very grateful for any assistance.

"The Sphinx"

E. E.—Will you please locate for me, if possible, the following lines:

Each morn, as ages rolled away,
The Sphinx has watched the dawning day.
Its lonely vigil it has kept
While empires rose, and fell, and
slept.

"Willow-Ware Plate."

I. F. C.—Will some one kindly tell me where I can find the poem telling the legend of the little figures on an old willow-ware plate? I should like also to learn the name of the author.

"I Want My Dream"

C. M. M.—I should like very much to find a poem which Roxy recited over the radio. It ended:

I want my dream again.

It was supposed to be a plea from a little boy who was awakened during a happy dream. I am trying also to locate a poem written during the 1915 Panama Exposition. I think it was called "Duck-a-Baby." It ended:

There is a tear in the eye
And an ache in the heart,
When we come to the end of the
trail.

"A Golden Axe"

J. L.—Can you or some of your readers inform me as to where the expression "To lay a golden axe at the root of the trouble," i. e., to apply money liberally to the source or root of financial cares and worries, originated?

"The Wind"

M. S. B.—Will you or some of your readers tell me the title and author of the poem of which this is the first stanza:

Strange that the wind should be left
so free
To play with a flower or tear a
tree,
To range or ramble where'er it will
And as it lists to be fierce or still,
Above and around to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and sky in
strife,
Gently to whisper with morning light,
Or to growl like a fettered fiend at
night,
Or to love and cherish and bless today
What tomorrow it ruthlessly rends
away.

"Only an Uncle"

M. C. T.—I am anxious to have the words of a poem published in THE NEW YORK TIMES ten or fifteen years ago, entitled "Only an Uncle," if you can locate it with so indefinite a date.

Perhaps this poem may have found a place in the scrapbook of some of our readers.

"Phillips Brooks"

B. J. K.—Can any of your readers help me find a letter that Phillips Brooks wrote to a friend of his after the death of his wife? It was a very comforting letter. I clipped it from some newspaper (I think it was THE NEW YORK TIMES) some time ago, but have lost it and would like to get a copy of it.

"The Gypsy's Warning"

C. E. F.—I shall be grateful if you can help me find the words of an old song "The Gypsy's Warning," of which the first two lines are:

Listen to the Gypsy's warning,
Gentle lady, heed him not.

ANSWERS

"Pestal"

ETHEL R. CALDER, New York, N. Y.—In response to R. K. de C.'s request of July 25, copy of words of "Pestal," together with history, are inclosed:

The ill-fated individual who bore the name of "Pestal," having rendered himself obnoxious to the Russian Government, was imprisoned and condemned to death. A few hours before execution he composed and scratched upon the wall of his cell the air "Pestal"; the touching melancholy of which, added to the circumstances under which it was written, have suggested the words.

W. H. B.

Words by W. H. Bellamy.
Arranged by C. E. Horn.

Yes! it comes at last,
And from a troubled dream awak'ning
Death will soon be past
And brighter worlds around me
breaking;
Hark! methinks I hear sweet voices
sing to me:
"Soon thou wilt be free,
Child of misery,
Rest, and endless joys in Heaven are
waiting thee,
Spirit, spread thy wings and flee."
Yes! the strife is o'er
With all its pangs and all its sorrows,
Hope shall droop no more,
For endless day shall dawn tomorrow;
Proud Oppressor, vain thy utmost
tyranny;
Come and thou shalt see, I can
smile at thee;
Mine will be the triumph, mine the
victory;
Death but sets the captive free!
Yes! it comes at last,
And from a troubled dream awak'ning,
Death will soon be past,
And brighter worlds around me
breaking.

This is the only reply we have received to R. K. de C.'s query. The words do not correspond with those quoted by R. K. de C., though the thought is similar. Perhaps there is another version, but we have been unable to find it or even to verify the lines quoted above.

"Whitewashed Walls"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem wanted by B. B. in the issue of Aug. 1 is an old recitation. "Somebody's Darling," having five eight-line stanzas. It is by Miss Marie R. Lacoste of Savannah, Ga., but no biographical information is available. The poem is said to have been first printed in The Southern Churchman. It may be found in W. W. Delaney's "Recitations No. 1," "The Institute Reader," compiled by William H. Cole, and Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse (page 2318, third edition). I send a copy of the poem for B. B. The first stanza is:

Into a ward of the whitewashed
walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells and
balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one
day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so
brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet
face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the
grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's
grace.

Many of our readers have answered this query and sent copies of the poem. One of these copies has been forwarded to B. B.

"Yiddish Melody"

ELIAS LIEBERMAN, Richmond Hill, N. Y.—I think that the Yiddish lyric Y. D. I. wants is one called "The Teamster." I did an English translation of it for the collection of folk songs of all nations sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association. Y. D. I. could probably get it by writing to the director at the Lexington Avenue Branch, New York City.

Ettie Goldberg, New York City; Mrs. D. M. Burger, Passaic, N. J., and Minnie Giradansky, New York City, sent copies in Yiddish of a poem, entitled, "Dem Milner's Threnen," which seems to be the one desired. The words and music can be bought at Katz Music Corporation on East Broadway, New York City, and may also be found in the Schack-Cohen collection of "Yiddish Folk Songs," published by the Bloch Publishing Company, 26 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. A copy of the poem in Yiddish has been sent to Y. D. I.

"Prince and Pauper"

JAMES McKENZIE, New York City.—R. P. G. in your issue of Aug. 1 asks for the source of the quotation: "When the Prince to the fate of the pauper has yielded." The line quoted (incorrectly) is from a poem by Sir Walter Scott called "Helvellyn," wherein he describes the finding of a human skeleton guarded by a dog in the lake region of Cumberland, England. The poem begins:

"I climbed the dark brow of the
mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me
gleamed misty and wide:"

The line quoted is from the fourth stanza, which reads:

"When a Prince to the fate of the
peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the
dim-lighted hall,
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin
is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the
canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the
banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred
music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People
should fall."

This query has been answered also by Mrs. F. W. Garrison, South West Harbor, Me., and by Mrs. N. L. O'Connor, Leonia, N. J. The complete poem may be found in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," in the "Cambridge Book of Poetry," and in several other anthologies.

"Semiramis"

JAMES SHAND, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The line quoted by M. M. in your issue of Aug. 1 is from "The Masque of Queen Bersabe," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. The following lines are spoken by Semiramis:

I am the Queen Semiramis.
The whole world and the sea that is
In fashion like a Chrysoprase,
The noise of all men laboring,
The priest's mouth tired of thanksgiving,
The sound of love in the blood's
pause,
The strength of love in the blood's
beat,
All these were cast beneath my feet
And all found lesser than I was.

This query is answered also by Alice Remsen, New York City, and by G. D. R., who adds that the poem may be found in Swinburne's "Laus Veneris."

"A Little Brown House"

FLORENCE HESTON CAVANAGH, Ossining, N. Y.—The poem inquired for by V. N. M. in your issue of Aug. 1 may be found in "Stepping Stones to Literature," by Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert, published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

(Continued on Page 23)

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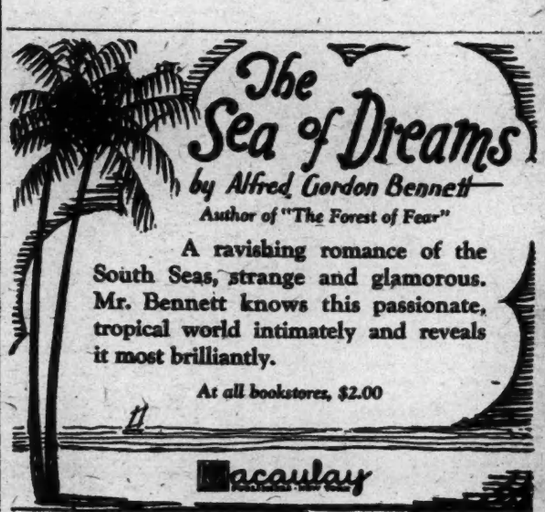

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 20)

The title of the poem is "The Quest." The author is Eudora S. Bumstead.

The same information is given by Miss Elizabeth Bohen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mabel Vine, Darien, Conn.; Grace Einsel, New York City, and Gladys Hoad, River Edge, N. J. Susan A. Bennett, Charleston, S. C., tells us that the poem may be found in "The Child's World" fourth reader, published by B. F. Johnson. Miss Lillian Sorenson, Brooklyn, N. Y., has found it in the fifth reader of Emma Bolenius's "Boys' and Girls' Readers," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. R. J. Tappert, Greenport, N. Y., remembers seeing it in "The Ontario (Canada) Readers, Third Book," published by T. Eaton & Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Several of our correspondents have sent complete copies of the poem. One of these has been forwarded to V. N. M.

"Never Satisfied"

H. E. SCHWAB, New York City.—No doubt the following is the poem wanted by S. M. C. in your issue of Aug. 1.

"A Funny World"

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning, he will spend it and
be hard up all the time.
To his utmost he is straining
To catch up without attaining
Till he makes his life a burden when
it should be bliss sublime.

The entire poem is too long to print here. A copy has been sent to S. M. C.

"Moonshine Land"

M. B. A. H., Morristown, N. J.—The poem wanted by W. K. in your issue of July 25 is "The Lugubrious Whing-Whang," by James Whitcomb Riley. W. K.'s quotation is the beginning of the third stanza. It can be found in the book "Riley Child-Rhymes." I enclose a copy.

Miss Anna Mae Bird, Oneida, N. Y., found the poem in Volume IV of the Biographical Edition of Riley's works. J. B. Allison, Englewood, N. J., found it in "A Nonsense Anthology," collected by Carolyn Wells (Charles Scribner's Sons). E. A. Tobie, Philadelphia, Pa., found it in Marshall P. Wilder's "Wit and Humor of America." Clara Irwin found it in Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood." And Dorothy M. Simmonds, Montclair, N. J., tells us that it appears in a collection of newspaper and periodical verse entitled "The Humbler Poets," by Slason Thompson (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), where it bears the title "The Mad, Mad Muse (After Swinburne)," by James Whitcomb Riley. A copy of the poem has been forwarded to W. K.

"To a Mummy"

BIBLIOTAPH, Providence, R. I.—Replying to the query of E. L. S. in your issue of July 25, the English poet named Smith is Horace Smith, and the poem is "Address to a Mummy," here much misquoted. The full text will be found in Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," page 2048 of the 1912 edition. It is very long. The first verse goes thus:

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Many correspondents have answered this query, several of them sending complete copies of the poem. One of these has been forwarded to E. L. S. Miss N. P. Hamilton, Jersey City, N. J., informs us that the full title of the poem is "Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition," and that it may be found in "Red Letter Poems," published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

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—*John Cowper Powys.*

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